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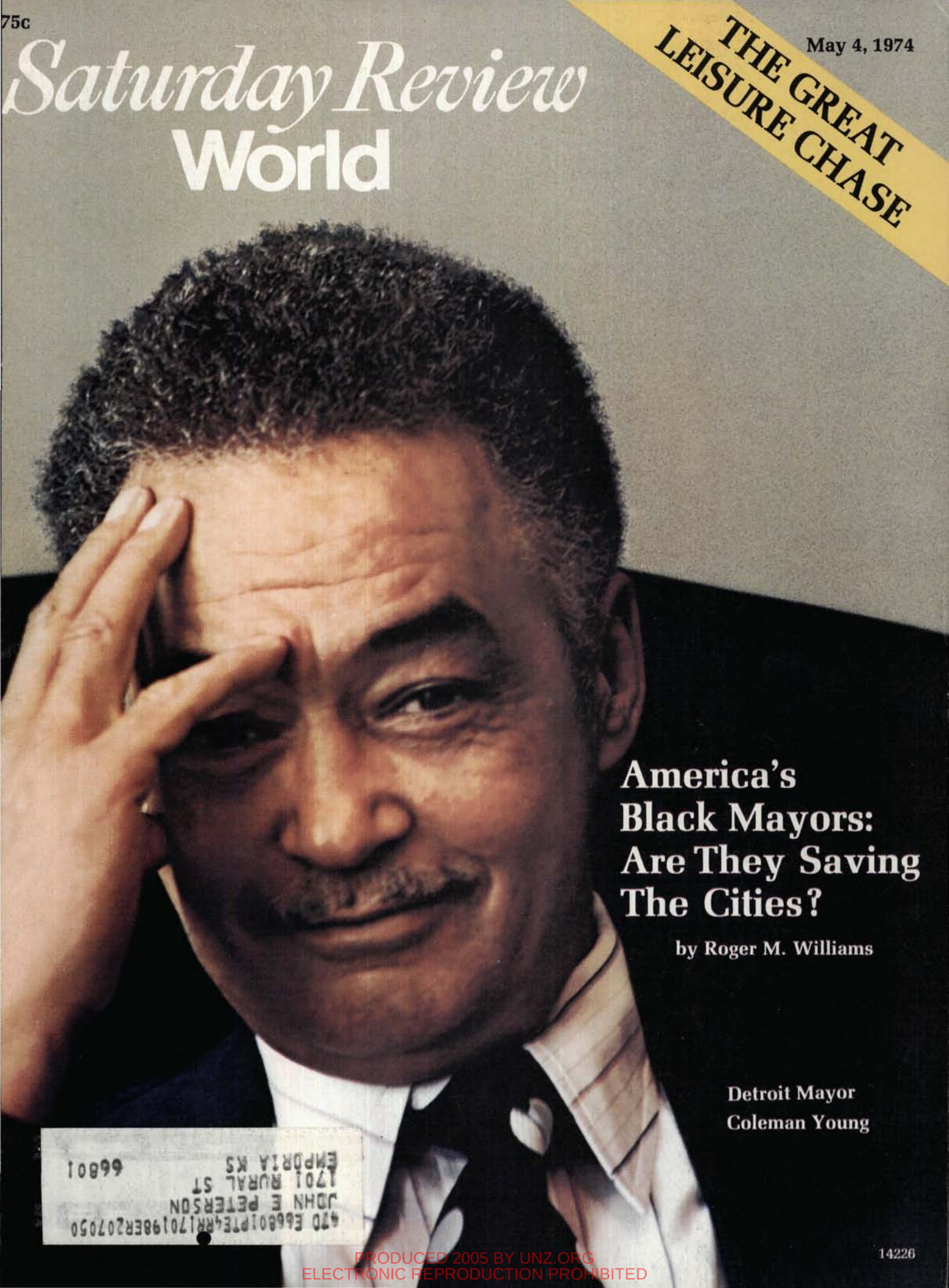
Saturday Review World

May 4, 1974

THE GREAT LEISURE CHASE



America's Black Mayors: Are They Saving The Cities?

by Roger M. Williams

Detroit Mayor Coleman Young

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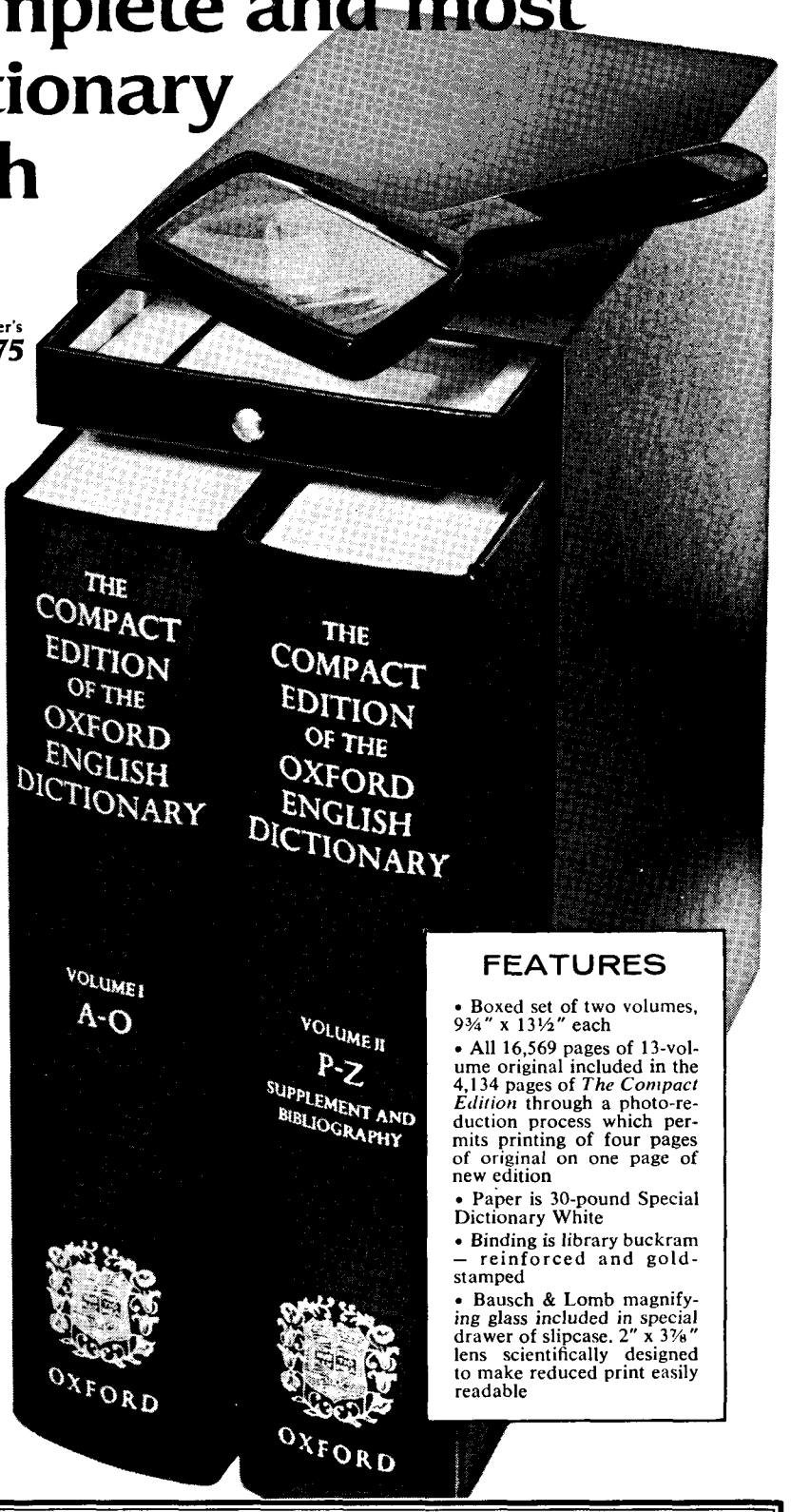

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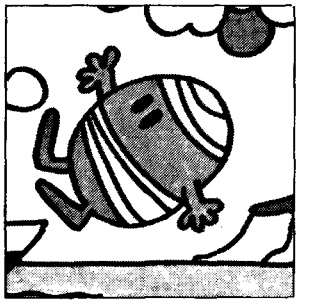

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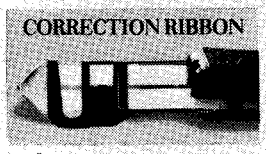

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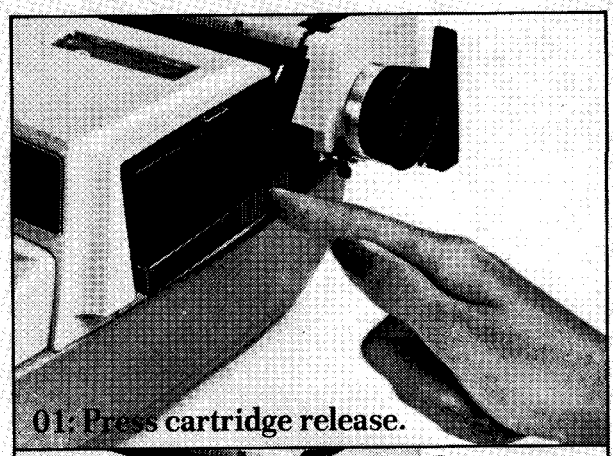
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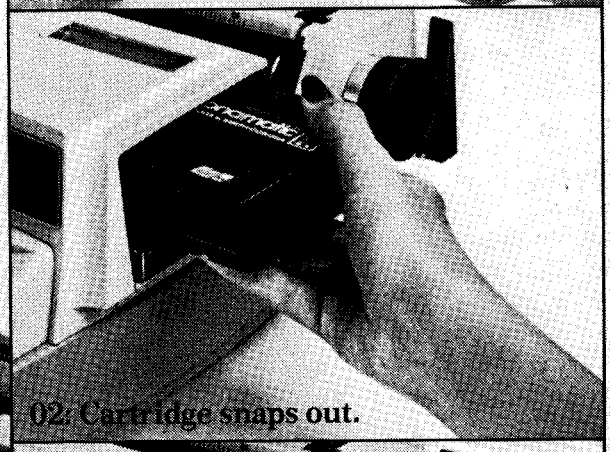
02: Cartridge snaps out.

03: Snap in another cartridge.

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The De-mystification of U.S. Foreign Policy

Secretary of State Kissinger is worried, according to reports from Washington, over the slippage in public support for U.S. foreign policy. Many people who only a year or so ago rallied behind the President's quest for peace now seem to have lost enthusiasm for U.S. initiatives in the world arena.

Mr. Kissinger is said to believe that the Watergate horrors have had a spillover effect on public attitudes toward foreign policy. He is probably right, but there may be at least two other reasons for the downturn in public support for government policy abroad.

The first reason has to do with credibility and common sense. The President has declared that his initiatives have reduced the danger of war. He has pointed to the opening-up of relations with China, the new agreements with the Soviet Union, the extrication from Vietnam, and progress in the arms limitation talks as dramatic achievements in foreign policy. It is difficult to see, however, how the American people can be expected to believe that these measures have created a new climate for peace when the government itself obviously doesn't believe it. The highest peacetime military budget in history—higher even than at the peak of the Vietnam War—would hardly seem to reflect a new climate for peace. Why should the government ask for $100 billion if there is substantial progress toward amity with the major nations that had been considered political enemies? Year after year, the fact of tension and conflict has been used by the government to justify mammoth military spending. But what are the American people to think if military budgets are increased even as tensions are being decreased? Are they likely to have confidence in contradictory statements and policies?

A second possible reason for the decline of popular support is that the entire field of foreign policy is becoming the mysterious and mystifying domain of think-tank planners, computer specialists, war-games theoreticians, and military academicians. There is a fascination with obscurantism and a preoccupation with abstractions. U.S. foreign policy is becoming so overloaded with murky language and gobbledygook that it is losing all connection with the American people.

Increasingly, a language gap is opening up between U.S. policymakers and the average citizen. As I read the news accounts of Secretary Kissinger's recent return from Moscow, I wondered how many people knew exactly what was meant by "a conceptual breakthrough" or "multiple warheads" or "strategic arms limitation" or "MIRV" or "MARV" or "SLBM." Even the term "détente," which has become the watchword of U.S.-Soviet relations, is borrowed from another language and lacks precise meaning for most Americans.

Even under the best of circumstances, foreign policy tends to be too distant from the average citizen. The traditional gap has now become a cosmic void. This is no casual matter. The government needs the support of its citizens for its initiatives in the world. Such support is impossible without understanding. The pretentious and pompous language now being used by government officials is not likely to create the deepest possible comprehension of foreign policy.

Consider this news account of Secretary Kissinger's recent mission to Moscow:

> A State Department spokesman said today that Mr. Kissinger returned from Moscow without "the conceptual breakthrough" he sought in his attempt to strengthen détente by achieving effective agreement in the strategic arms limitation talks, especially with reference to multiple independently targeted re-entry vehicles.

Translated into everyday English, this is what the paragraph probably means:

> Secretary of State Kissinger returned from Moscow today without being able to put American-Soviet relations on new high ground, as he had hoped. Mr. Kissinger was unsuccessful in his effort to break the deadlock between the two countries over the existence of missiles that can carry a number of thermonuclear bombs and drop them on different targets.

Even the term "détente" is unnecessarily flossy and ornamental. I see no reason why "improved relations" isn't just as explicit and serviceable as the French.

In a free society, the government has a mandate to state its underlying objectives in terms that are not just understandable but resonant. The rarefied concepts—no less than the terminology—of the think-tank specialists are unworkable precisely because they lack lines of solid connection to the people in whose name the concepts are being advanced. Phrases like "total megatonnage," "graduated deterrents," "risk acceptances," are of interest only to think-tank specialists on the other side.

The de-mystification of American foreign policy should be an essential ingredient of any program designed to strengthen public understanding of and support for our actions in the world arena. So is the need for evidence that our foreign policy has a reasonable consistency and is the source, rather than the consequence, of military planning. N.C.

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Letters From Readers

Write Good, Like a Letter Should

I have read with a great deal of interest the article with the letters N.C. under it ("The Stammering Society," March 23). I think it is an editorial, you know. Regarding the decline of English.

The editorial reads good like an editorial should. But irregardless of this there is a difference of opinion between he and I. We have a number of crisises in the country but the declination of English are not one of them. None are more convinced of this then me. Anyway, what does incoherence have to do with the uniform of alienation? Many aliens don't know our language because they are not educated like we are. In our schools, o.k.? Americans don't make mistakes like this in English.

I must admit that I have learned to write English good from listening to television due to this being the area of TV now. One cannot learn everything from books I don't think at this point in time. Although the dictionary prints even that "ain't" is o.k. You know what I mean? But I don't believe much in them books anyhow because just between you and I book-learning cannot supercede what us people use everyday and everyone can understand what we mean and this is the main thing not what some innelectual tell us with their fancey long words which never read the comics. It is the plain people whom must understand the language and it all depends to who you are speaking.

That is all I have to say. I thought first that I send this letter to you under a synonym but then I decided to use my right name. Because I believe in truth and viscosity.

William R. Malsh, J.D.
Tucson, Arizona

Party Line

Roger M. Williams's article ("What's Happened to the Communist Party USA?" February 23) contains a statement that is grossly inaccurate and insulting. . . . Mr. Williams says: "The indolence of the highly paid members of the Subversive Activities Control Board forced the administration to cut off the board's funds."

By law, the SACB never initiated its own work, but it was wholly dependent on the Attorney General of the United States to provide it with cases that he determined to be within the purview of the board's activities.

I left the SACB in 1972 in disgust, after serving as a member for three years. . . . The idleness forced on the board was the responsibility of the former U.S. Attorney General and presidential assistants who, to the detriment of the honest and capable members of the SACB, preoccupied themselves with secret teams of political spies and chicanery. . . .

Otto F. Otepka
Wheaton, Maryland

Roger M. Williams replies:

Mr. Otepka has managed the near-impossible: defense of the SACB and its non-activities. It was not the "indolence" but the inactivity of the board that led to its downfall. Whether that inactivity is the fault of the Justice Department and the HUAC, there simply wasn't much digging for "subversives" left to the SACB—or any other body—to do.

The article on the Communist party brought into focus a sense of frustration I have felt for some time but not clearly articulated. On the one hand, there is a feeling of admiration for the CPUSA—for its history, for its stability, for the hard work and dedication of its membership. On the other hand, there is a feeling of regret for the party's unwillingness to free itself from the Moscow line, to come out with forceful, independent, progressive positions on such issues as feminism and individual freedom.

It is obvious that there exists in this country today a great number of people who see our current crises from a Marxist perspective. It is a tragedy that there exists no one Socialist political party capable of providing a home for these people. Factionalism and academic elitism continue to work against a strong Left in America. The CPUSA . . . is in a prime position for taking advantage of growing leftist agitation. The party's inability to be an independent voice, however, stands in the way of its growth in numbers and influence.

David H. Cashman
Providence, Rhode Island

Suspended Belief

I always had difficulty in finding out as to where exactly an agnostic stands concerning the existence of God. After reading Leo Rosten's piece ("Bertrand Russell and God: A Memoir," February 23), I have come up with the following definitions:

A Christian has made up his mind that God exists.

An atheist has made up his mind that God does not exist.

An agnostic has made up his mind that he will not make up his mind.

The Rev. Ghulam M. Nasrani
Hazelton, Pennsylvania

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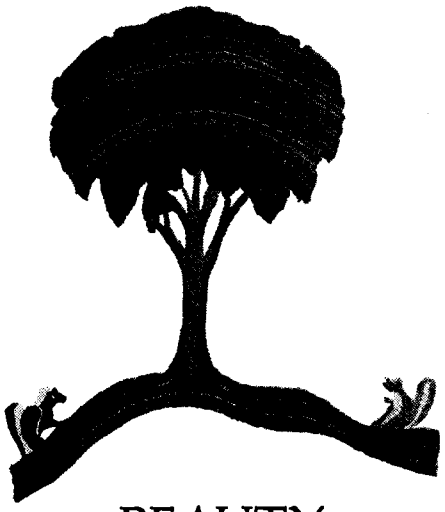

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Top of My Head

by Goodman Ace

There Are Smiles That Make You Unhappy

In order to put his case before the people and to give the back of his hand to the press and to television, Mr. Nixon has taken his show on the road. Almost a regularly scheduled weekly TV feature now is a program called: "Meet the Prez."

He chortles amiably and smiles a lot. And he has been hailed and is applauded by his fans in several geographically favorable states.

And yet, do you know whom I miss? Spiro Agnew. I don't miss him as Vice-President. It's his rhetoric, his deft delivery of alliterative speech figures used to attack the press and the TV networks in defense of the Nixon administration.

Mr. Agnew told it so succinctly, so scathingly, so scholastically, in a stream of succession of same sounds. We don't hear that kind of entertaining or parsable verbiage anymore.

Statuesquely handsome and sartorially well turned out, before he was turned out, Mr. Agnew, had he been asked why Mr. Nixon was angry at the press, would have replied: "The nattering know-nothings of newspapers and neocratic networks, noxiously needling our nation's nabob, never nettle Nixon."

One recalls that even Adlai Stevenson, when he ran for the office, had a ready answer. "Newspaper editors," he said, "are men who separate the wheat from the chaff and then print the chaff." A line intended to assuage a stab at the press.

Gone. Too bad. In the chill, humorless temperature of the White House, how did Mr. Nixon answer this question, put to him at a press conference some months ago? He replied he was not angry at the press. "You see," he added, "one could be angry only at those he respects." Unquote.

This is a lofty bit of solecism—anger coupled with respect—which I can't quite assimilate. But I suppose an example would be the incident on the bitterly cold day last winter when the President looked out the window of his executive office and saw one lone man standing on the street, holding aloft a placard protesting Vietnam.

Mr. Nixon became so overwhelmed with respect for the man that he grew extremely angry and called out the National Guard to remove him.

However, the hush at the press conference that followed this anger-respect statement caused the President to realize he had made a boo-boo. So he flashed a smile. And in a flash the smile was gone. But his eyes hadn't lit up, and if one watched carefully, one noticed that his lips never left his teeth.

Too late to make up. The fleeting, humorless smile has left in its wake a void that permeates his throne.

But then, humor never has been the President's forte. Humor requires the ability to laugh at oneself. Although he does attempt bits of comedy, he has not done well.

An example: When he spoke to the Seafarers Union on the energy crisis, asking Americans to save fuel by driving more slowly, he said, "Driving at only fifty miles an hour to visit your mother-in-law may make the trip [seem] lengthier, but you wouldn't mind taking a little longer to see your mother-in-law." Just what the country needs: another mother-in-law joke.

He even tried ad-libbing in Houston when a newsman rose to ask a question. "Dan Rather," said Mr. Rather, identifying himself. Before he could go on, he was greeted with a burst of applause and boos. Mr. Nixon sprang into action: "Are you running for something?" he asked. Big laugh. When it subsided, and with perfect timing, Mr. Rather quietly replied, "No, sir, Mr. President. Are you?"

That was where the comedian needs what is known in show biz as a "topper." Mr. Nixon, if he had one, restrained himself. So he flashed a fleeting smile.

Surely, friendly Bob Hope could help the President in his delivery of a joke, and Paul Keyes, one of TV's wittiest gag writers, could supply a batch of one-liners that would make the President seem a little more Agnewesque. Although personally, and with no disrespect intended, I wouldn't trust Mr. Nixon with a straight line.

In this respect it would be wise, in order to retrieve their image of credibility, if all politicians went into training to learn to smile as if they meant it.

A TV cameraman could train them: "Come on, let's see a smile. No, not like that—a BIG smile. Say 'CHEAT.' That's great. Thank you, sir." □

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Curmudgeon-at-Large

by Cleveland Amory

You hear a lot these days about speed-readers. But we can tell you from experience that nowadays the problem isn't really speed-reading at all—it's speed-stopping. The fact is that there is so much published today, the art of knowing when to stop reading not only can increase your literary life but also can, literarily, save it. Anyway, here are some examples of what we mean. First, from the Op Ed page of *The New York Times*, an article by a man named Philip C. Clarke, who is identified as, and we quote, "a former foreign correspondent who has known Mr. Nixon personally since 1960":

WASHINGTON—Let's assume that President Nixon, horrified at first learning of the Watergate fiasco, yielded to the very human instinct to try to brush it off, hoping it would all blow over. Let's assume also that in so doing he went along too long with high advisers grown arrogant and corruptible through excessive power.

Having properly denounced such aberrations, let us now reflect and ask . . .

This is an example of an article in which your side has already gotten all it's going to get. Stop *now*—while you're ahead. In any case, our second example comes from Eastern Airlines's *Pastimes* magazine, in an article written by Junius Adams and entitled "Texas: The Frontier Still Lives!":

To understand this big, wild, beautiful, ugly, exciting, tedious state . . .

Well, look at it this way. You may be about even—but it's still not enough. Anyway, our third example of—well, easy stopping, is from a piece in the *National Enquirer* on a new movie about Marilyn Monroe:

Actress Connie Stevens is fulfilling a long-time ambition by portraying the late Marilyn Monroe in a movie—but she says quite frankly: "I don't want my children to see me in the picture."

The thirty-five-year-old Miss Stevens, talking about her daughters, Joely, six, and Tricia Leigh, seven, explained: "They'll see me up there on the screen, taking my clothes off, screaming and yelling and crying—and sleeping with men. . . . They wouldn't understand. It could hurt them.

"They would see me as they've never seen me—so vulnerable . . ."

Well, just remember one thing. As a reader with very little time, you've got to be strong, too. Finally, our last example (and then we'll stop reading everything except—well, never mind) is from an interview, in *Playgirl* magazine, with Peter Fonda:

Streaming sunshine drenches the furry poplar trees, and the air is so crisp and cold it makes you tingle. It's the kind of day that you can step through, it's so clear, and once out, your soul can bask in its golden warmth. It's almost unreal, this physical perfection, certainly evanescent. Loose, long-limbed, leanly built Peter Fonda seems a part of this beauty, this rhythm. Like the wistful boy in a Wyeth painting, whose nerve ends seem to jump out at you, his body vibrates to the tempo, and he is both the Dancer and the Dance. A pastoral array of bright blue eyes and soft brown hair, he is a part of nature—like the sun, sky, or poplar tree. The travail and duress of trying to do your own thing have only strengthened his spirit.

The faith remains, and, thankfully, a thirty-three-year-old Fonda retains some magical belief in fairies and goblins, mischief and mystery. You can see it on his face, in the smile that purses his lips and the twinkle in his eyes. Maui, where he makes his home, moors his boat, is merely a retreat from the rigors of civilization from which Peter, upon getting a second wind, hobbles back to help us mend our ways. You marvel at his innocence, his heart—an earnestness which survives all obstacles and hurdles. A Brechtian magic circle seems to envelop him, from which a certain freedom and autonomy emanate. Peter realizes it and admits: "I'm of the opinion that each of us, if we really are energetic, controls twenty-five to thirty feet around us. We can project so difficult and so hard on a problem, get a force field that people cannot enter it without accepting your authority. Or you transcend it. This way there is no 'them' but 'us.' 'They' is only an extension of 'me' as long as I allow it." Fonda points to himself. "This is my authority. This is my limitation. There is no badge. There is no country. There is no dictator, no president, no God."

And there's also no more reading. You've given it your all—but there's a limit. You've got *your* authority, too—your force field. The right to stop. □

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America's Black Mayors: Are They Saving the Cities?

As frightened whites leave the cities, a half-dozen black mayors are pressing for more responsive urban government.

by Roger M. Williams

In early March, Coleman Young, the new mayor of Detroit, formally abolished a controversial police unit known as STRESS (Stop the Robberies, Enjoy Safe Streets). Mayor Young is black, and to the black community in the nation's fifth-largest city, STRESS had come to represent white oppression. The mayor thus fulfilled a campaign promise, demonstrated his commitment to the people who elected him, and rid the city of a police unit that in its short lifetime had killed seventeen persons, all of them black. Taken at face value, Young's action seems consistent with what many whites regard as standard operating procedure for the nation's growing number of black elected officials, that is, "doing for blacks" to the detriment of whites.

Yet this ostensibly pro-black action was taken by the same Mayor Young who, since he assumed office in January, also has told Detroit's legion of drug pushers to "hit the road" and has enlisted more promises of support from the city's white business and labor titans than has any other mayor in recent history. Although these actions may seem incompatible, they are essential if a city like Detroit is to be governed successfully. They illustrate the political, social, and economic complexities that face the blacks who are now mayors of a half-dozen major American cities: Los Angeles, Detroit, Atlanta, Newark, Raleigh, and Gary.

Young's action against STRESS also illustrates what I found, in a study of the big black-mayor cities, to be by far the leading public concerns: crime (for the whites) and the police (for the blacks). The high ranking of the first came as no surprise. Crime and the fear of it are much-publicized reasons for the white flight from the cities that has been in progress for the past dozen years. But I had not realized the extent to which the police—their personnel, their actions, in some cases their mere presence—have aggravated urban blacks. The state of aggravation ranges from smoldering in Raleigh to flaming in Detroit, where the black sentiment approaches hatred. In most of these six cities, the black mayor's prickliest problem is the police department, and it often includes the police chief himself. Although the problem has obvious black-white dimensions, it is not so simple as that, because blacks increasingly are voicing their exasperation over street crime, drugs, and related activities that endanger lives everywhere.

Over the past few years, a quiet revolution has been under way in America's elective political offices. There are now almost 3000 black elected officials in the United States, an increase of more than 120 percent since 1969. The total remains a small fraction of the black proportion of the population, but it includes a U.S. senator, 16 congressmen, and 104 mayors. Of these elected officials, the mayors constitute the most important group. The black mayors of the six major cities preside over an aggregate population of 5.5 million. For the residents of those cities, the mayor is the always-visible, always-assailable commander on the urban front lines, charged with seeing that racial peace is maintained, crime eliminated, and the garbage picked up. For the roughly 1.75 million blacks among the residents, he is also a daily reminder of the heights that America's black people can now attain—and of the gap between their expectations and his fulfillment of them.

The growing presence of blacks in big-city mayors' chairs—three of the six were elected last fall—underscores significant facts about the urban situation. America's big cities are steadily losing whites and gaining blacks. In Atlanta and Detroit, when that trend yielded a black majority or near-majority, there was a direct political result: the election of a black mayor. In Los Angeles and Raleigh, however, blacks comprise less than one-quarter of the population, which means that voters in those cities found race less important than other issues, and that, despite the racial hostilities for which U. S. cities are known, large numbers of white voters had confidence in the ability and decency of a black candidate for their city's top job. This conclusion is supported by the studies of Harvard social psychologist Thomas Pettigrew, who finds that "slowly but very surely white fear of black politicians is decreasing. During the six years I've been studying blacks' campaigns, I've found that every time a losing black candidate runs again in a city, his percentage of the white vote increases—and the overall white turnout declines." Pettigrew's, and everyone else's, leading exhibit is Los Angeles's Tom Bradley, whose share of the white vote in two races against maverick white mayor Sam Yorty rose from 34 to 49 percent, enabling him to win a clear-cut victory in 1973.

Allen Green/Visual Departures
Detroit Mayor Coleman Young—The most

Los Angeles, of course, is "different," and so is Raleigh; they are notably free of the urban decay and white flight that plague other major American cities. Yet the black mayors share with each other, and with the vast majority of

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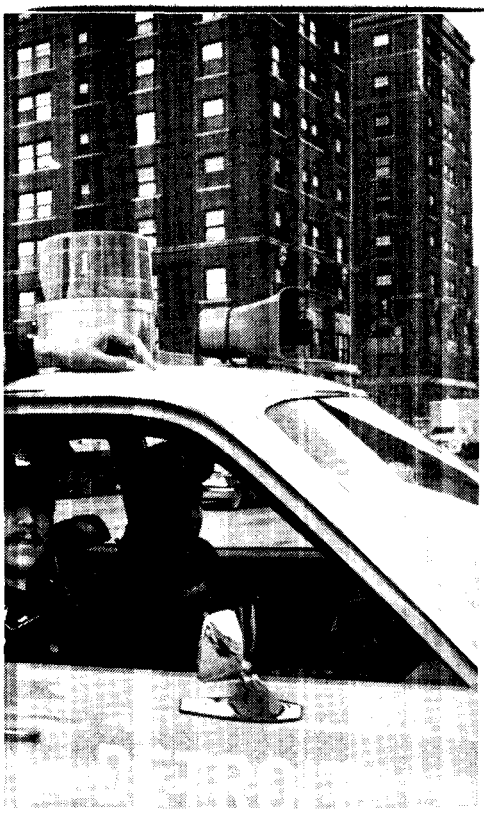

delicate problem is the police department.

white mayors, substantial concern over housing, crime, bad schools, shrinking tax bases, inadequate financial aid from state and federal sources, high unemployment rates, deteriorating city services coupled with accelerating demands for new ones, and, of course, racial friction. In dealing with these concerns, how have they fared thus far? If blacks are to be, as California Assemblyman Willie Brown puts it, "the architects of the future of American cities," what kind of design and construction can we expect of them? Can they "save" America's cities for whites as well as for blacks?

To the last question, I am tempted to reply: If they can't, nobody can. The black mayors display, by word and deed, a number of commendable qualities: integrity, resourcefulness, commitment to their cities, a willingness to innovate, a sensitivity to the needs of whites as well as of blacks. They are, as black leaders like to say they are, an extraordinary group of municipal officials, and on the whole they have performed well. When they are criticized, it is not for lack of honesty or effort, and seldom for lack of ability or experience or caution (if anything, they are chided for being too cautious). The main criticism of the black mayors—and the principal consideration in assessing their performances—is that they follow too faithfully the racial injunction to do for blacks.

Doing for blacks—rather than for "all the people," the opposing catch phrase—is a controversial matter among black politicians and political thinkers. It is widely assumed that black mayors will "act black" when they can and color-blind the rest of the time, but that oversimplifies the situation. Carl Stokes, a black who was mayor of Cleveland, is a leading exponent of do-for-black mayorships. Now a newscaster for NBC-TV, Stokes says: " 'Serving all the people' is nothing more than campaign rhetoric. No matter what a black candidate for mayor says in his campaign, on taking office he should profess his real responsibility: to help those who are most dependent on government and what it can do for them. That's the blacks. All the ethnic mayors—the La Guardias, the Fitzsimmonses—have done just that. They've gotten into office and tried to lift the dispossessed, the economically powerless—*their* people—up the ladder."

Stokes's statements irritate the current crop of black mayors, a couple of whom retort that he wasn't talking that way when he was still mayor. "I don't know how a mayor can point, emotionally or philosophically, in that direction," says Newark's Kenneth Gibson. "The basic mission in this city is to provide traditional services. How're you going to pick up garbage for black people? Or put cops in patrol cars in the black areas and make them walk in the white areas? I don't think this can be a racial job, even if you want it to be. At least, I never think of it that way." Coleman Young agrees. "The fact that previous white mayors have failed to attend properly to blacks and their needs has produced the racial polarization that now exists," Young says. "No American city can move forward without reducing that polarization. Anyway, a mayor can't get away with that. State legislatures can practically eliminate cities if they want to."

Actually, the differences over doing for blacks are more semantic than real. As Mack Jones, a black political scientist at Atlanta University, points out, government for "all the people" is a stalemate; when political interests conflict, one of them has to—and for a while does—prevail. "A black mayor shouldn't say, 'I govern for the black community,' " Jones says, "but the fact is that some problems have not been addressed in the past because they've not been problems for whites—and he should be expected to address them. Low-cost housing is an example. Atlanta's problems with it are awful. Maynard Jackson [Atlanta's new black mayor] ought to spend a lot of time stimulating development of low-cost housing. And he ought to do that, if financially necessary, to the exclusion of other problems that have been attended to in the past."

Julian Bond, the Georgia legislator, reduces the question to something of a political universal. "It's a very fine line to walk," Bond says wryly. "You can't afford to let Group A know you're helping Group B—but you've got to help them."

The big-city black mayors are beset by common handicaps. All but a couple of them lack substantial political experience. Maynard Jackson has the best paper qualifications: four years as vice-mayor. Yet Jackson seemed the most nervous about becoming mayor. He spent so much of his first few months in office behind closed doors and otherwise "unavailable" that there was a rising crescendo of criticism from whites and blacks alike.

UPI
Richard Hatcher

The mayors' staffs on balance have been mediocre. With Gary, Newark, and Detroit, the public image has hardly been conducive to the attraction and retention of good staff people. In addition, skilled black administrators are in great demand. Gary Mayor Richard Hatcher recently lost the services of his highly regarded black planning director, who was lured away to Soul City, the experimental community in North Carolina. National black leaders consider it so important that Maynard Jackson succeed in Atlanta that they persuaded Jule M. Sugarman, a white who was then New York City's commissioner of human resources, to go to Atlanta as the city's chief administrative officer and second in command.

Demands placed by blacks on a few of "their" mayors have been strong. The reasons are simple: Blacks have fewer jobs and more problems, and they understandably expect a lot from the first black mayor they've ever had. Coleman Young says they expect more than he can deliver: "The general belief in Detroit is that there are a thousand jobs out there on the Christmas tree, and people with limited abilities are promoting themselves as prospective commissioners of major departments. In fact, I have about one hundred appointments open to me, and

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most of them require special-background qualifications." Says Charlotte V. Johnson, Mayor Hatcher's black administrative assistant: "Some of our people expect the garbage to be picked up twice a week now, although it wasn't picked up once in two weeks before. And when it rains now, they think the streets shouldn't flood. They don't realize that the sewer system in this city is deplorable, that the chamber of commerce lobbies against our plans to do anything about it."

The expectations brought to bear on a black mayor can be subtle and politically delicate. As vice-mayor, Maynard Jackson supported the pay and union-recognition demands of Atlanta's all-black city sanitation force. His white mayoral predecessor, Sam Massell, opposed the demands and thereby seriously undercut his popularity in the black community. In his first weeks as mayor, Jackson came up against similar demands from the same sanitation force. This time, as "management" and as the city's top official, Jackson has had to tone down his support. He recently pushed through city council a pay raise acceptable to the workers—and financed by the elimination of 480 sanitation jobs. He discovered a state law that prohibits him from granting recognition to a single union, and he has now bucked the whole issue to a study commission.

Without question, the black mayor's most severe handicap is one that hobbles every mayor of a major American city—the concentration of critical financial resources outside the mayor's control. This concentration falls into two categories: funds from the federal and state governments, and private capital controlled by the business establishment—almost entirely white—in each city. Considering the over-riding importance of these financial sources, says Carl Stokes, "a basic solution to the problems of his city is beyond a mayor's means." Virtually every urban leader these days is convinced that Washington holds the key to his city's coping successfully with its problems; whatever success John Lindsay achieved as a national figure was based on his being able to articulate that conviction. Yet almost nobody expects the Nixon administration, given its economic priorities as well as its polit-

The Blacks' "Big Four": A Status Report

ATLANTA

Allen Green

The "real test" of the black mayors, many black politicians believe, will be the job Maynard Jackson does. Jackson has taken charge of an economically healthy, upbeat city, and a charter reorganization will give him powers that his predecessors have not had. A mere thirty-five years old, suave and pudgily handsome, he possesses what Wyche Fowler, the thirty-three-year-old city council president, calls "that wonderful ego that makes him want to be a great mayor."

Jackson's January inaugural struck even his supporters as more coronation than inauguration. But it symbolized the tide of bi-racial goodwill that has carried him into office. The Atlanta power structure's nervousness, at this point, stems in part from his youth and his having taken on one of the trappings of black togetherness—a "natural" hair style. It stems, too, from rumors—which city hall denies—that Jackson is trying to establish a kind of city welfare slush fund to take care of "emergencies" in the ghetto. Two of the mayor's top appointments have drawn criticism: executive assistant Reginald Eaves, who was Jackson's college roommate, and chief administrative officer Jule Sugarman, who worked for John Lindsay in Sin City and "sounds Jewish" (he's not).

So far, Jackson has had no trouble handling Atlanta's numerous aspiring black political leaders, and his standing in the black community at large is very solid. But blacks are nervous about Jackson's retention in office of the white police chief, John Inman, and that could become a difficult issue. On the white flank, Jackson will have to stay on the good side of Atlanta's powerful business community. For all black mayors, observes political scientist Mack Jones, that means "dealing with the charge that if you make a move toward black interests, you're undermining economic interests and the city's future."

DETROIT

Allen Green

"Coleman Young will bullshit your ass off," says a Chrysler executive, admiringly. "He's a great salesman." That's quite a change for Young, who in his years as a state senator was known as an issue-oriented radical. Deeply troubled Detroit needs plenty of salesmanship. Its economy remains tied to that of the auto companies, and in the throes of the energy crisis the unemployment rate exceeded 10 percent. Detroit is now the murder capital of the nation, as well as the scene of inordinate numbers of crimes that send whites fleeing to the suburbs. And it is a city where almost half the population—the black half—has lost confidence in the police department.

Promoters of Detroit are trumpeting Renaissance Center, a $500-million downtown development sparked by the sizable contributions—corporate and personal—of Henry Ford II. Local observers wonder, however, how many upper-middle-class whites can be lured into the center's apartments. Says an auto executive who specializes in community relations: "You're not going to get affluent whites to live in the city while the crime rate is high and the schools are lousy."

Mayor Young has little control over the crime rate and none over the schools, but he is already exercising his control over the police department. Publicly criticizing the department's "racist attitude," he has attempted to combat it by abolishing STRESS (see main article) and ordering policemen to address all citizens by their surnames—rather than as "boy" or "auntie," à la the Old South. He is also decentralizing the department by setting up some four dozen small neighborhood police stations, which presumably will be more responsive to grass-roots needs. Young has made no secret of his belief that cops are directly involved in Detroit's flourishing drug trade (which is so lucrative that pushers, in their customized Mark IVs and "'rados," have become the glamour boys of crime). So far, Young has worked amicably with his holdover white police commissioner, Edward G. Tannian, whose presence in the job many whites regard as protection against a black mayor.

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ical estrangement from the cities and their minority-group inhabitants, to take heed. "This administration," says Jule Sugarman succinctly, "just does not want to spend money on the cities." Every mayor has a collection of sad stories about local "people programs" that have died because of a loss of federal funds.

Within their cities the mayors are at the economic mercies of businessmen—those who operate in the city and could leave and those who might be persuaded to go there. Unless a mayor can attract new business investment, and the cities that need it most have been unable to do that, he inevitably has to cope with a loss of employers, employees, and the general wealth they produce—a process that Carl Stokes can now describe philosophically as "a loss of the economically productive people accompanied by an increase in the dependent people." The loss from that kind of flight from the cities is not limited to dollars. Says Al DeRogatis, vice-president of the Newark-based Prudential Insurance Company: "The problem is that not enough people who run businesses and make decisions live, work, and send their kids to school here." Indeed, no one I spoke to in Newark could think of an important business executive—including DeRogatis—who has that kind of personal involvement in the city; the same is largely true of Gary, although it is the workplace of hundreds of executives at U.S. Steel's biggest plant.

The modern phenomenon called regionalism—cooperative efforts among overlapping levels of government—is an increasing burden on the black mayors. Widely hailed as a rational approach to problems that transcend political boundaries, regionalism is viewed by urban blacks as a device for diluting their political strength and ignoring their needs. Even when that is not the intention of a regional commission, it is often the effect, because the majorities in regional groups are inevitably composed of representatives from the overwhelmingly white suburban and rural areas. In Newark, for example, a regional sewage commission has voted to establish a new treatment plant within the city limits. Everyone agrees that a new plant

(Continued on page 66.)

LOS ANGELES

Wide World

"Now Even Whites in Los Angeles Say of Bradley, 'He's One of Us,' " proclaimed a recent headline in *The New York Times Magazine*. The exaggeration made a noteworthy point: Thomas Bradley is far and away the most broadly popular of the black mayors. In less than a year as mayor, Bradley appears to have won over a substantial percentage of the roughly three hundred thousand whites who voted against him. No other black mayor has made such impressive headway on the other side of the racial divide.

To be sure, Bradley has had help. His opponent was Sam Yorty, the longtime mayor whose idiosyncratic, don't-bother-me-with-problems style of administration and racist campaigning turned off droves of white voters. In addition, Los Angeles, the Watts riot notwithstanding, contains neither the conditions nor the attitudes that have polarized many eastern cities. Bradley's chief strengths, however, are of his own making: a dignified manner, an impressive appearance (he is a muscular six-four), and an unabashed commitment to racial integration and the American dream. Further, Bradley has initiated action on the problems that Sam Yorty all but ignored.

Bradley has proclaimed the establishment of a workable rapid-transit system the "top priority" of his administration. He has resisted committing the city to a costly fixed-rail system, instituting instead such stop-gap measures as subscription-bus service, while negotiating with federal officials over long-range solutions. He has also warned of his intention to control L.A.'s Topsy-like growth. A radical plan under consideration would enable the city arbitrarily to re-purchase development rights from landowners in low-density areas (like the coastal strip) and sell similar rights in areas that can accommodate high densities. Bradley has insisted that the energy crisis—a mortal threat to gasoline-dependent L. A.—and the growth and rapid-transit issues are interrelated and must be attacked through comprehensive planning. Although none of those is ostensibly a racial issue, they portend collisions with powerful white interests. Bradley realizes that, but for the present, he is happy with the response he's received. "These days," he says, permitting himself a small smile, "I rarely hear the term 'black mayor.' "

NEWARK

Wide World

Kenneth Gibson, says a black political scientist, "has wrestled heroically with the impossible"—that is, with saving the city of Newark. The city appears to be a textbook case of modern-American urban blight and racial strife. North Ward Italian leader Anthony Imperiale proclaims the need to return Newark to the white ethnics, while playwright-politician Imamu Baraka proclaims the need to turn it over to the blacks. One-quarter of the residents are on public assistance. Almost two-thirds of the real estate is tax-exempt. The center city is dominated by 40,000 units of public housing. Crime rates are high, middle-class whites are few, and new business plays very hard to get. City government bears a stigma of inefficiency and corruption.

How has Ken Gibson coped with that frightening array of conditions? Remarkably well. Like Gary, Newark still staggers under the weight of its problems; but like Dick Hatcher, Mayor Gibson has made progress. He has restored a large measure of public confidence in the integrity of the government and of the mayor (Gibson's white predecessor went to jail for taking kickbacks). He has eliminated a $65 million budget deficit, reduced the crime rate, and made at least modest improvements in city services. He has also demonstrated, by working openly and on a shared-interest basis with willing whites (see main article), that Newark's seemingly extreme racial polarization is more a polarization of leadership than of people.

None of the black mayors has been more innovative than Gibson. To attract new businesses as well as the goodwill of white residents, he has lowered property taxes two years in a row, using federal revenue sharing to make up for the loss in income. Faced with a rapid rate of housing abandonment, he has demolished some eight hundred buildings and auctioned off the land. Says Gibson of his "impossible" mayorship: "As long as white people want these jobs, black people are gonna want 'em too." R.M.W.

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Is There Life After Work?

Once tied to social class and to wealth, leisure has been democratized, but even so, it continues to orbit around work like a dependent satellite.

by Rolf Meyersohn

Ever since the Industrial Revolution, when it became a distinct category of human activity, leisure has been a satellite of work, orbiting around it and totally dependent upon it.

Work, at least for the bourgeoisie, was the chosen way of expressing one's mission on earth. For adult middle-class males, it was the be-all and end-all of human existence. But it was a special sort of work, involving an entrepreneurial spirit, risk taking (often with other people's money), adventure, innovation, the creation of physical and social structures that housed capitalism. Yet the leisure of these bold innovators, like their home furnishings, food, clothing, and choices of domestic life, was nested in Victorian conservatism. Leisure activities were as traditional as work activities were unconventional. Today the reverse is more likely. Work is routine and conventional, whereas leisure is apt to be extravagant and imaginative.

The traditions on which leisure activities were based came from the class that the capitalists replaced, the aristocracy. Such feudal pastimes as riding, hunting, and other country pleasures became the hallmarks of successful middle-class life.

Perhaps a great deal of the pleasure that the aristocracy derived from the exclusiveness of their pursuits has declined with democratization, but that is beside the point. The conspicuous consumption of goods and services formerly restricted to the upper class has provided an appealing goal to the new mobile families. It was they who would conspicuously display what had been achieved in the marketplace, in the world of trade and business. Thorstein Veblen described the process in 1899 in *The Theory of the Leisure Class,* notably the *nouveau riche* rushing to assume the leisure habits of a class to which they had not been born and whose subtleties they didn't comprehend. It was not appreciably altered until the depression of the Thirties. Sinclair Lewis's novels, *Babbitt* and *Main Street,* written in the Twenties, as well as the Lynds' *Middletown,* written during the same period, repeated many of the patterns described by Veblen.

Leisure in those days democratized the traditional weekend and vacation pursuits of the rich: sailing, development of musical taste, elaborate emphasis on manners. These were activities that took time, money, coaching, training, and practice, all the elements that the working class was unable to develop and that many Victorian patriarchs were unwilling to devote themselves to (even while insisting that their wives and children did).

Leisure was tied to class position. One had to be wealthy enough to afford such pastimes. Many of the activities were pursued in separate places designed for the purpose, notably country clubs, whose membership was based on, and became the emblem for, a particular place in the social hierarchy, a sign of social status. Leisure patterns provided a way of reinforcing the work activities of the head of the house, to assist him in placing his children in the same social class or to improve their position. These were the processes tying work to leisure and leisure to work.

Those kinds of ties have loosened, and many of the forms of nineteenth-century leisure are obsolete. The social class of the family no longer determines the leisure practices of its children. Democratization has gone beyond opening the gates of the country club to the successful middle class. Country clubs have, in a sense, gone public, and training for leisure activities, from golf to tennis, has become incorporated into the public school education of the young.

However free the choice of leisure pursuits may be, the lives of contemporary Americans are still bounded by the cycles that existed in the past. The young are prepared for work; they enter the labor force, where they spend thirty or forty years; and then they retire. Unlike the past, when such a cycle was reserved—in the middle class at least—for males, the great change since World War II has been the expansion of this process with the ever-increasing entry of women into the labor force.

All three life cycles are changing. We are spending more time learning, thus expanding the preparation period. We are also lengthening the post-working part of life because of the increase in life expectancy and the increasingly earlier retirement age. This squeeze play had led to the estimate of a retirement life expectancy in 1968 of 7.7 years for the

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average twenty-year-old working man, compared with only 5.8 years in 1950 and 2.8 years in 1900.

It is in the middle stage, however, that the largest proportion of human life is spent. And it is here that the greatest ties are found between leisure and work. The Industrial Revolution had created monstrous working conditions, with enormously long working days, very brief weekends, and virtually no vacations; such hours were the standard from which the increase in leisure was slowly achieved. The reduction of working time was measured against this inhuman work schedule. The struggle on the part of labor unions to achieve a fifty-five-, later a fifty-, then a forty-five-, and a forty-hour week gave the impression that the process of shrinking the work week would be continued. Yet the forty-hour week remained the norm for several decades. Indeed, by 1929 the average weekly hours of production workers had already reached forty-four, and ever since the end of World War II the average has hovered around forty. But in industries in which it has declined, such as thirty-five hours per week, there is an increase in moonlighting, thereby bringing the average up to forty or more hours per week, not for the industry, but for the worker.

Therefore, the reduction of the work week is not a very useful measure of the conditions providing for a New Leisure. Perhaps more meaningful is the increase in the length of paid vacations and the development of Monday holidays and the creation of three-day weekends.

The poignancy of work and its discontents is well described in Studs Terkel's new book, *Working: People Talk About What They Do All Day and How They Feel About What They Do* (Pantheon, 1974), which displays a multiplicity of emotions about its meaning and meaninglessness. What comes through is that work is vitally important, even if the work ethic is no longer an important value. Even if work has lost its attraction, it remains a center of gravity exerting pulls and pushes on disposable time and money.

The expression of dissatisfaction with work has been brought into American consciousness dramatically in the past several years. General Motors workers at Lordstown went on strike in 1972, not for higher wages, but against what had until then been accepted as routine assembly-line labor necessary to mass production. The workers, many of them young, women, blacks, and better educated than the average assembly-line workers, opposed these labor conditions as inhuman. Worker dissatisfaction appears more prevalent among young workers in part because they have been brought up to expect more from life, in part because for them the routine and monotony of factory work (or work in general?) is still not a taken-for-granted aspect of life.

Dissatisfaction is not, however, exclusively a blue-collar preoccupation. White-collar workers, too, are expressing their boredom and discontent. Efforts at rearranging positions, giving workers a greater sense of responsibility, attaching some meaning to the workers' activities, are some of the ways in which management has begun to cope with such problems.

Without management's help, workers cope (and have since the beginning of the Industrial Revolution) by devoting themselves to their lives *outside* work. They try to do better for their children so that the lives of the next generation will be less filled with drudgery. Leisure came out of work in the first place, carved out as a period of rest and rehabilitation, in order to restore energy and thus enable the worker to go back to work the next day. The increase in affluence has meant the furtherance of leisure pursuits. Yet this devotion to leisure, according to one European writer, could be viewed as an "illusory form of self-realization" because it transfers whatever meaning may have existed in work into attempts to make consumption meaningful.

The dichotomy between work and leisure, at least for the working class, has lengthened the long arm of the job, of the leash. More extravagant and exotic vacations, holidays, and domestic amusements are available, but they remain distractions inasmuch as the real meaning remains withheld. Karl Marx wrote once that "labor should be not emancipated but abolished." He meant that work and leisure should fuse into human activity that can provide adults with control and freedom of action.

No matter how free the New Leisure may be for workers, it is always viewed in the context of work. And when the context is gone, as in retirement, problems of boredom with work can be replaced by boredom with life.

Increasingly important, too, in any

Culver

The fox hunt—"Such feudal pastimes became the hallmarks of successful middle-class life."

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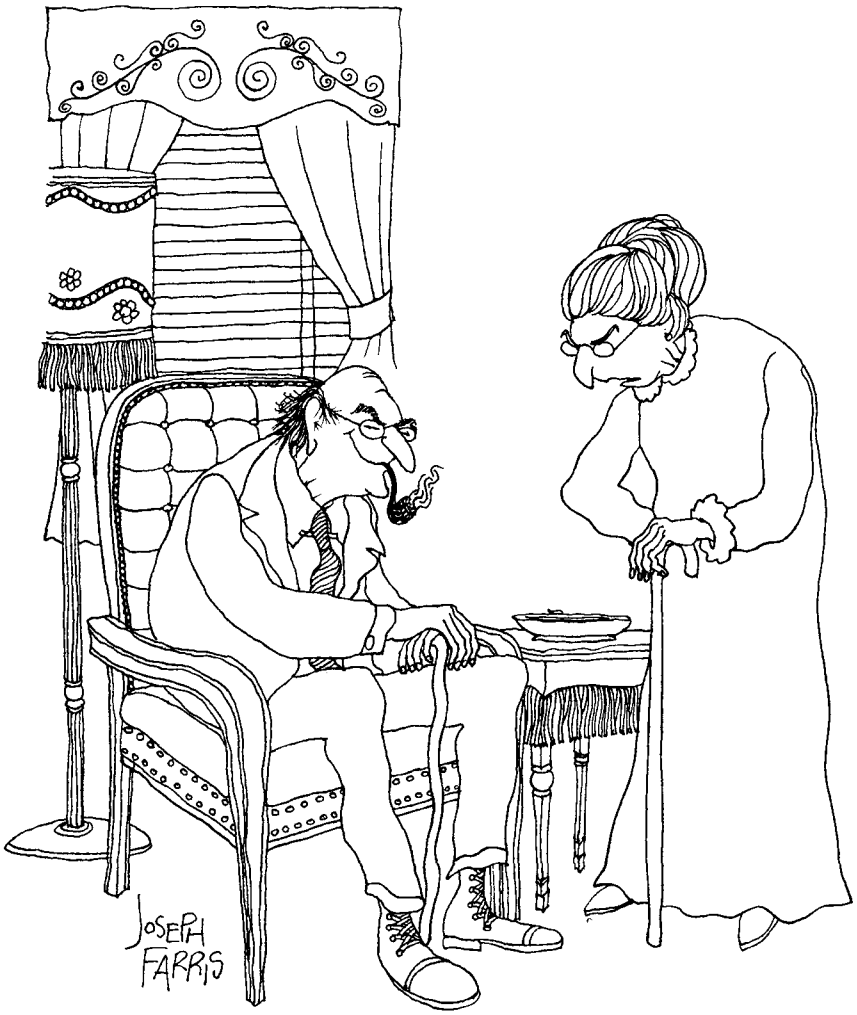
The communal nature of their leisure, the sharing of financial as well as sexual and emotional costs, would have been unimaginable even a decade ago.

evaluation of the New Leisure, is the nature of post-industrial society, in which work is no longer tied to the industrial machine but to the provision of services. Such activities as education, medicine, communication, information and knowledge distribution, are based on special skills, a cadre of professionals, a work ethic, and a greater likelihood of inherent meaning in work. Those who work in the expanding service sector have a greater opportunity than industrial workers who must cope with so-called alienated labor. Workers in the service sector, moreover, have a better chance of finding a fusion of work and leisure. For them, free time is more than an escape from work; it is a complement and supplement, even a busman's holiday. The demands of work dictate the intensity with which leisure activities are pursued; moreover, the demands are more willingly assumed.

THOSE WHO WORK in the service sector have a greater opportunity for leisure activities. What holds them back may not be disposable income but, rather, disposable time. Few people who work a full schedule have the time for endowing their lives with a full leisure program. Rather, the working years, with time for some leisure activities, are a preparation for retirement, which comes then as a grand finale of self-realization. Until that ultimate moment, however, leisure and work will be more meaningfully integrated. Future families are likely to consist of two-career, two-child, two-home families, planning their activities, alternating between city and country, between work and leisure.

The class of young adults is perhaps more responsible than anything else for the attention devoted to the New Leisure. It is this group that has the willingness and ability to spend disposable time and money on free-time activities. During the short period between youth and family responsibilities, there is a moment of relative freedom. Singles clubs, leisure nomadism, ski trips, and group beach vacations are all popular pastimes for this group at this stage of life. True, there is a concentration of money and attention on a fairly small segment of the population for a relatively short period of time. As young adults become older and accrue responsibilities, a new generation of young adults appears, producing a continued line of youth, or a "serial community."

The communal nature of their leisure, the sharing of financial as well as sexual and emotional costs, provides an interim in which leisure is indeed explored in ways that were unimaginable even a decade ago. Relying on a high level of affluence and a highly technological civilization, with jet travel and weekend commuting on interstate highways, the young can circumnavigate a wide variety of leisure worlds.



"I suggest you leave the plain speaking to Harry Truman."

YET SUCH PERSONS are also in the labor force or training to be. They are students or junior clerks or other white-collar workers. When they grow older, most become family men and are then, perhaps unwillingly, committed to the world of work. Inevitably, their continued leisure pleasures depend on their financial resources. Their earnings, equally obviously, depend on their participation in the labor force. If they become young parents, they are required to face increased family obligations, and thus instead of sunbathing they start moonlighting.

The importance of money, banal and obvious, has in no way changed. What has altered is the importance of the "butterfly years," that short period between the caterpillar stage of youth and extinction. In American mass culture it is glorified by such terms as the "Pepsi Generation" and emulated by elders, but only when they have the time and the inclination. Work remains as the center, at least for the vast majority of the inhabitants of America today. □

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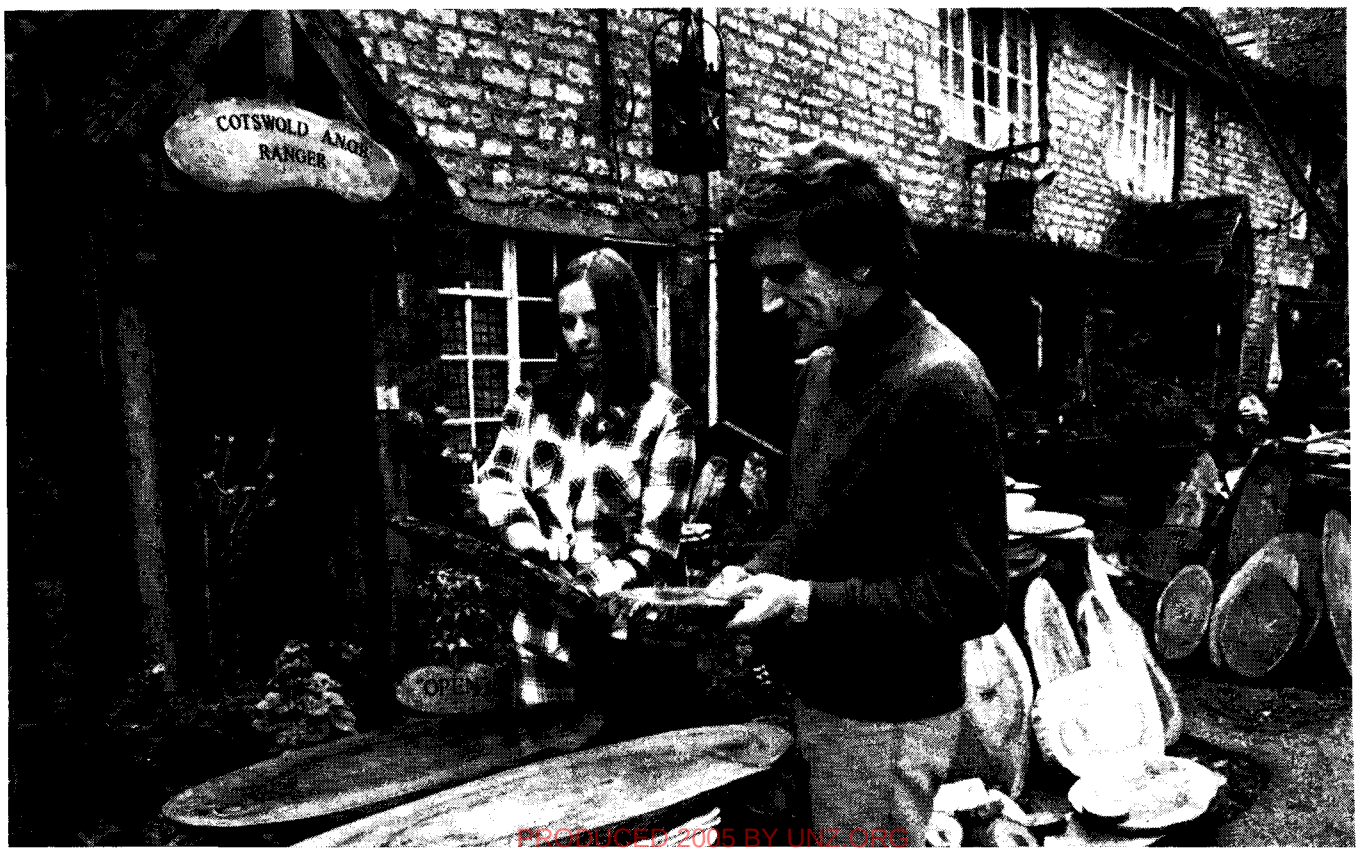

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Susan Perl

Netting the Hammock Reader

Will they be reading Jefferson in July or Jacqueline Susann? Is there such a thing as summer reading? And who says you can read in a hammock, anyway?

by Edward Kuhn, Jr.

Before approaching the areas of dangerous literary controversy, I felt obliged to conduct an independent survey to determine the scope of the summer practice of hammock reading. Who indulges in it? Can one really read in a hammock without personal injury or discomfort? Does hammock reading still exist?

Despite the best efforts of Swing Low, Inc., a hammock company in New York City, 81 percent of my respondents said that they did not own hammocks; 47 percent reported that they did not even know anyone who owned a hammock. (Two hammock readers tumbled out of their webs last summer under identical circumstances: while battling mosquitoes.)

THE BEACH CHAIR has replaced the hammock, at least for reading, although two women respondents answered grumpily that "a beach towel on the sand is quite adequate, thank you." More women "sun and read" on the beach (while their men swim or play volleyball). More men read on the sun deck or under a tree (while their women make lunch). More men drink while reading.

In the how-to category, the book most often seen on the beach is the paperback guide to shells, for malacologists the best $1.25 buy in East Hampton. Any dolt knows such books are read in the summer. But how about the nine-by-twelve-inch, fully illustrated, all-in-color, six-pound, twenty-five-dollar coffee-table book about sea shells?

"It's a Christmas book!" said the sales manager, tersely.

"People collect shells in the summer," the editor insisted. "That should seem obvious, even to salesmen."

They almost came to blows. Don't tell me publishing isn't an exciting business. I was there.

Defining summer reading is fraught

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with unexpected problems. It is variously called summer, vacation, hammock (obsolete), or beach reading, but its only common denominator seems to be warm weather. The road to the truth is booby-trapped with clichés—for instance, that it is "light" reading, undemanding, easy on the mind, usually fiction. One respondent even used the unfortunate expression "throwaway reading." The second most frequent cliché postulates exactly the opposite: "I save the important books for vacations, when I have the time to concentrate, to really dig into something worthwhile."

George Brockway, president of W. W. Norton, takes the "Bah, humbug!" approach to summer reading. He publishes a book, he says, after the author has finished it. In June he is publishing *Understanding Causality,* by the French philosopher Jean Piaget, not exactly your light summer reading. But the Norton book that Mr. Brockway claims "they'll be reading in July" is the biography of Thomas Jefferson by Fawn Brodie which is the Book-of-the-Month Club selection for April. Mr. Brockway had it scheduled for January, but the BOMC had no difficulty changing his mind. So much for the importance of publication dates.

Marc Jaffe, president of Bantam Books, takes the opposite view. "Paperbacks suffer a lull in April–May, but they surge back in mid-June and sell well right through August." Mr. Jaffe belongs to the light-read-for-summer group. "Of course there are beach books. We're considering a special 'great beach books' promotion this summer with dump bins, displays, window stickers. We'll market ten or eleven novels as a package."

What are Bantam's leading beach books this summer? *Once Is Not Enough,* by Jacqueline Susann (sexy bestseller by a pre-sold author), *The Cheerleader,* by Ruth Doan MacDougall (sexy teenage Fifties nostalgia by an unknown), *The Great American Novel,* by Philip Roth (baseball fantasy-novel by a famous author), *Survive the Savage Sea,* by Dougal Robertson (true adventure).

It seemed like a broad spectrum. "Who wouldn't you publish this summer, Mr. Jaffe?"

"Doris Lessing," he replied.

Probably Mr. Brockway's and Mr. Jaffe's differing attitudes are a result of the nature of each company's business: Norton is a hardcover house; Bantam is a paperback. What I anticipated would be a knotty problem in this summer reading investigation—hardcover versus paperback—turned out, instead, to be one of the few oases of general agreement in a desert of controversy. Many hardcover houses anticipate summer doldrums, looking ahead to the big Christmas gift-buying frenzy. Paperback publishers, on the other hand, loosen their ties, take off their coats, and merchandise millions of beach books in the sweaty months.

One simple explanation is that a ninety-five-cent item is disposable. Another is weight—not of content but of physical package. *The Sunlight Dialogues,* by John Gardner, weighs two pounds nine ounces in hardcover, eleven ounces in paperback. Halberstam's *The Best and the Brightest* weighs two pounds ten ounces in hardcover, ten ounces in paperback. Alistair Cooke's *America* weighs three pounds eight ounces in hardcover. My summer reader claims to want five books to read or at least to choose from. If he or she is wed to hardcover, for reasons of tradition or middle-aged eyes, fourteen pounds of books may prove a load to lug. Conversely, 746 pages of John Gardner or 408 pages of *Hotel* can be squeezed into the back pocket of a pair of shorts.

But even when it comes to a definition of light reading, there exists a difference of opinion. All agree that the book should be light in subject matter. One bookseller used a string of the usual words—"adventure . . . suspense . . . romance . . . exotic background." (Characterization and message are apparently best left for winter.) But some readers prefer brief "in and out" books, even collections of stories. "My attention span is short on the beach," replied Mrs. A. "I fall asleep, or I've got to oil myself, or one of the kids wades in too deep." The paperback edition of John Cheever's *World of Apples* might serve this summer or Françoise Sagan's new miniature from McGraw-Hill, *Scars on the Soul.*

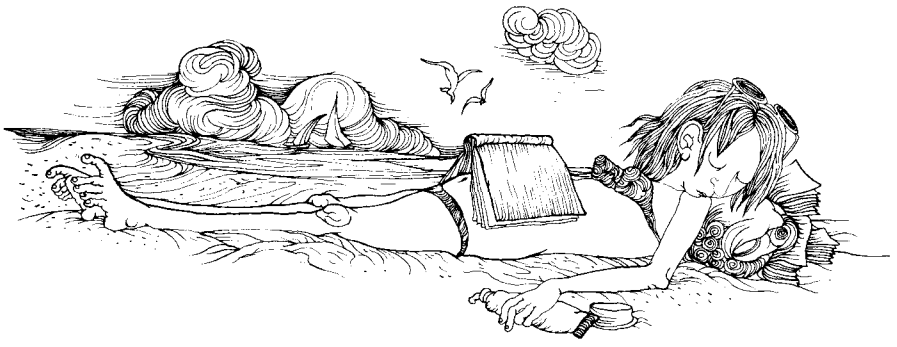
Mrs. B., however, wants a light novel but a long one; that is, light in content but not in heft, a novel she can sink herself into, keep coming back to, use to blot out the ugly newspaper headlines. (Yes, I am turning my questionnaires over to my friendly neighborhood psychiatrist.) She wants a "three-generation cream puff with just enough reality to keep me believing and more romance than sex." *The Camerons,* by Robert Crichton, more a "damned good read" than a cream puff, was mentioned often in this context. Her husband, Mr. B., takes Arthur Hailey to the beach.

In a prominent New York bookstore, I found complete disagreement about summer reading between the assistant sales manager in his office and the chief salesman on the floor. The manager belonged to Mr. Brockway's "Bah, humbug!" school. "People read what's popular—*Serpico* (the cop thing), *The Exorcist* (the occult thing), *Watership Down* (the Tolkien thing, only rabbits this time). The business gets more trendy every day, but not seasonal."

On the floor downstairs the man selling, wrapping, and making change disagreed. "Summer reading? Of course. Light stuff, fluffy novels, suspense, humor." He pointed to stacks of Art Buchwald, Shepherd Mead, Sam Levenson, and Leo Rosten. "They don't make any demands on you. Pick 'em up, put 'em down, go to sleep over 'em. You maybe wake up with a sandy book but not a guilty feeling." Then he turned to what was obviously his true love, a three-foot stack of Helen MacInnes's *Snare of the Hunter.* "She's got everything for summer reading—suspense, romance, exotic setting, mood."

I didn't dare ask what was wrong with curling up with Helen MacInnes in front of the fireplace in December.

The genus I choose to call "heavies" respond that, on the contrary, they save the important books for the long periods of quiet time that only the summer



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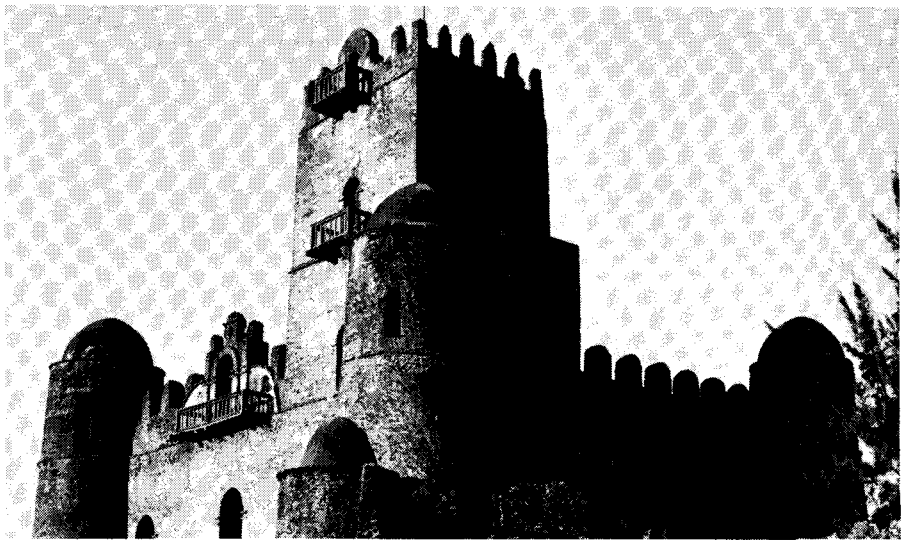

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holidays offer—Galbraith, Schlesinger, Sheaffer's *O'Neill* (volumes I and II), *The Strange Death of Liberal England*, the novels of John Gardner, Heinrich Böll, and Patrick White (*note*: the last two were recent Nobel Prize winners). One suburban bookseller reported proudly that her client the federal judge had purchased Marcel Proust's *Remembrance of Things Past* for this summer. Beware wordier decisions in the fall.

The heavies tend not to read books on the beach. Their composite comment goes something like this: "I can't concentrate. The sand scratches. The sun's too bright. My sunglasses don't fit over my reading glasses. A beach ball bounces off my back. Some kid's got a radio blaring rock music. Last summer I tried ear plugs, but my wife thought I was turning her off and got mad. Who needs the aggravation?"

We have a dangerous credibility problem with the heavies. I could not devise a civilized way for the questionnaire to ask: "Are you lying to yourself about your summer reading?" No one doubts that the heavies "save" these tomes for July–August concentration. But when sun and water, outboard, and striped bass beckon—do they really get around to reading them? My psychiatric consultant, holding a negative opinion, stated further that "with a number of my patients, summer reading figures importantly in terms of their self-image."

(Continued on page 61.)

McGuppy's Reader

A few years ago, a man came into my office with what seemed like the perfect vacation reading package—a fish-identification book for use underwater. Pictures of the fish would be in full color, their descriptions in large type, the book printed on a special plastic sheet impervious to salt water. The underwater reader must navigate with one arm, but with flippers that seemed no problem. That night I put on my face mask and took his dummy with its full-color illustrations into the bathtub, and it worked! I could see the details of a snappers' dorsal fin and the delicate convolutions of brain coral. Next day we outlined a series starting with Bahama reef fish—a sort of underwater Petersen with limitless possibilities. Not the sort of thing for a serious reader but just right for a summer flipper.

E.K.

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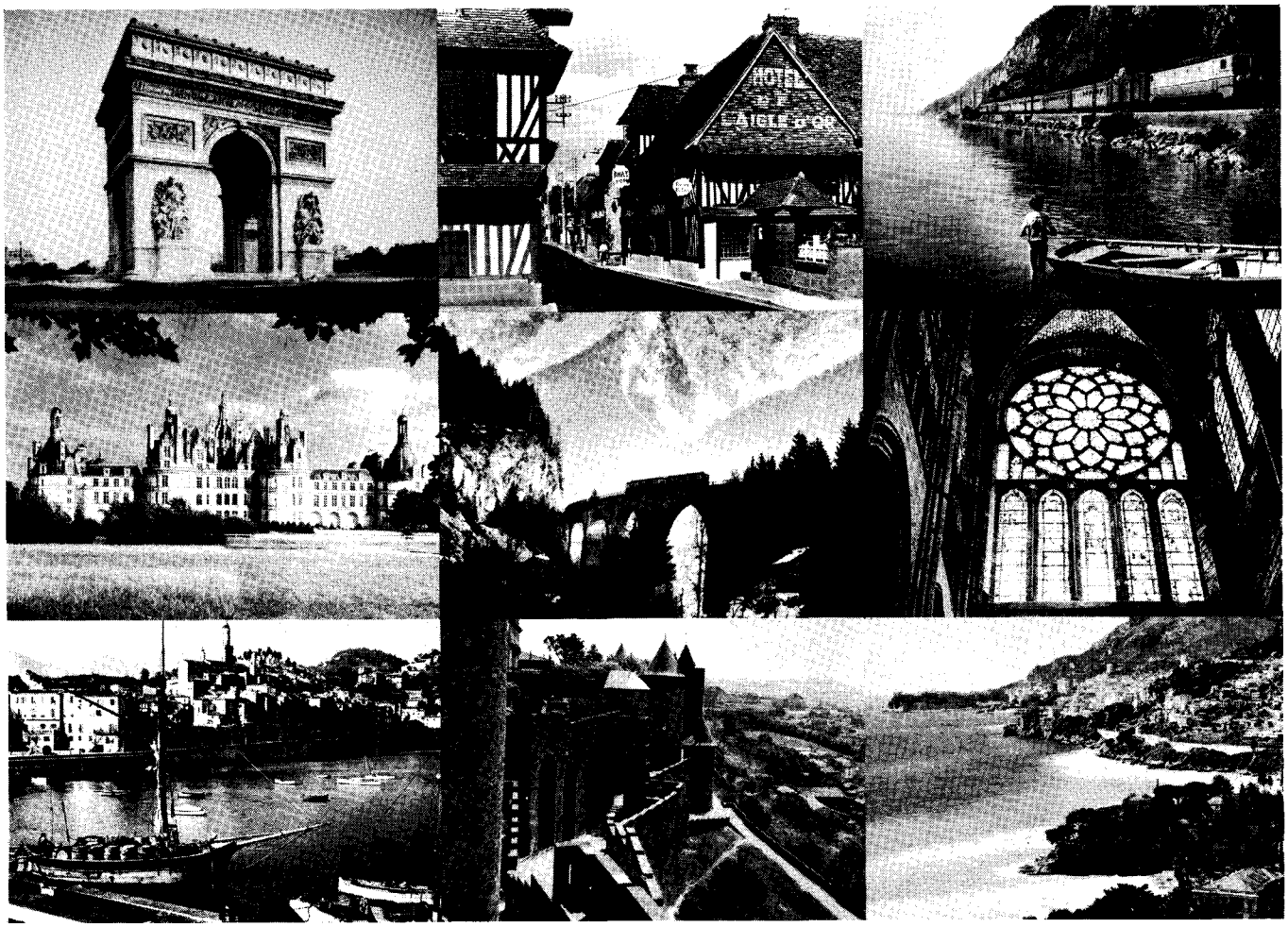

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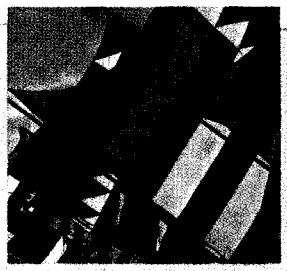

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Let's Hear It for the New Sound

Jelly Roll Morton, London recordings of Gershwin shows, Scott Joplin, Stokowski (at ninety-one), are all part of a new over-the-counter culture that is music to the ears.

by Irving Kolodin

Setting aside such matters as quadraphonic systems—which have not yet proven any practical values not possessed by stereo—the new fact in the record world is: Consumer taste is no longer dependent on a few international giants and a scattering of industrious dwarfs. A recent edition of the universally utilized Schwann catalog carries ten columns of print identifying the labels under which records listed in that issue are distributed. Each column has approximately fifty names, bringing the total to nearly five hundred.

To be sure, a hundred of the "labels" may be fictive, and another hundred may be identified with only two or three issues. Fifty others may cease to exist between now and the time you get to the shop. But if there are 250 with some claim to attention, that is twice as many as one is likely to encounter in the average record store.

As an instance, the Schwann listing does not even include the name of the Musical Heritage Society, for the reason that its merchandise is not distributed through record shops, average or otherwise (with the exception of one single outlet in midtown Manhattan). Yet its catalog of 1200 items, beginning with Absil, Jean, and concluding with Zwierzchowski, Mateusz, is blood rich in exactly the kind of things to which a dormant musical interest will respond.

Its subscribers were the first to be offered *all* the Haydn symphonies (not only the mere 104 to which London has addressed itself, but also a few "doubtfuls," bringing the total to 107). It rejoices in a total coverage of the Schumann piano literature by the excellent Jorge Demus. It is chest high in the works of Max Reger, and it includes, as a matter of course, more Monteverdi than can be found in any other single source. To enjoy these and innumerable other products of uncommon quality (almost invariably well processed), one must know how and where they may be acquired. The answer is: by mail from the Musical Heritage Society Inc., 1991 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023.

The MHS is an extravagant instance of a mercantile profile so low that it is hardly visible, but there are numerous others whose identities and involvements are so special that one may pass them over, even with a Schwann listing. As a sample, for those who care not for Reger or Monteverdi, nor even for Mateusz Zwierzchowski (1713–1758), the Monmouth-Evergreen label identifies an oasis of popular-music refreshment in a desert of mediocrity. It began a dozen years ago with re-recordings of the neglected treasures of Vincent Youmans, Cole Porter, Arthur Schwartz–Howard Dietz, and other masters of the theater song. It has expanded more recently into typical leavings of commercial enterprise: the residue of such Gershwin shows as *Funny Face, Lady Be Good,* and *Tip Toes* performed by the Astaires, who starred in them, and by Gershwin himself. These were recorded during London engagements of the Twenties—and are the better therefore, as English studio standards were higher than American—and the audible results are decidedly good (for the period).

Insensitivity of the mass producers to specialized interests—or, perhaps, mere industrial gigantism impeding mobility—has a repetitious way of leaving priority in such matters to others. It was in the McMillan Academic Theater of Columbia University that I first heard (in 1972) a delightful program of works by the legendary Scott Joplin, eternally renowned for "Maple Leaf Rag." Joplin's vast production has recently benefited from the scholarly attention of Vera Brodsky Lawrence (among others), resulting in the publication of his complete works by the New York Public Library (1971). These volumes have stimulated to action not only the learned Joshua Rifkin and the young people of Columbia but also the folk who operate the outdoor facility called Wolf Trap, in Virginia (not far from Washington, D.C.), where Joplin's opera *Tree-monisha* was given the summer before last. The rage has, indeed, gone full cycle with a pair of issues by the New England Conservatory Ragtime Ensemble (conducted by Gunther Schuller) on Golden Crest and Angel. Angel has a second collection of Joplin, beginning with "Palm Leaf Rag" arranged and conducted by its own George Sponholtz.

The ground swell for Joplin (1868–1917) promises to be equaled and perhaps exceeded by a regeneration of interest in Jelly Roll Morton. Like Joplin, Morton was black and a pianist-composer; but he flourished as recently as 1944, and such compositions as "King Porter Stomp" were in high favor with the big bands of Goodman, James, and others. RCA recently recorded live in Lincoln Center a concert by a group that has dedicated itself to learning the style

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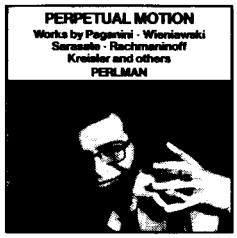

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To some, this may suggest a mere manifestation of nostalgia, a yearning for the older, if not better, days. To an extent, perhaps. But it strikes me as not at all inconsistent for a time that prides itself on "getting it all together" to be interested in the roots of America's vast popular music as well as in the visible blossoms. The abundance of that crop was, in the words of one Burton Lane–E. Y. Harburg song, "Something Sort of Grandish." For those who came in only when the harvest was ripe, the seedlings and sprouts have a vitality and interest worth investigating on their own, especially in the abundant supply now available for the increasing demand.

That demand has been fed by several powerful stimuli: (1) the enormous backlog of recordings produced earlier in the century, of which only a fraction is now commercially available from their makers, (2) the even greater quantity of radio broadcasts, originally recorded as "air checks" for studio purposes and now being processed for resale, (3) the dependability of the portable tape recorder (Watergate notwithstanding) for transcribing live events and rendering them accessible for home consumption.

Insofar as legalities are concerned, the progression goes from clear to murky. In the first category few legalities persist. Much of the material has fallen into the public domain, much else originally belonged to companies now defunct, and a good deal of the remainder involves money values not worth the cost of prosecuting. The result has been to feed the appetite of popular- and classical-music fans alike with appetizing oddities ranging from Bix Beiderbecke to Wanda Landowska.

In the second category, some of the same circumstances apply, with looser guidelines, more debatable perimeters of the possible. The third category is by any reasonable property right an invasion of privacy, but it is nevertheless a flourishing part of the under-the-counter culture.

I call it the under-the-counter culture because the sources of supply are rarely publicized, the merchandise not displayed in shop windows. But the devotee of any special interest—whether baroque or Broadway—knows, or should know, where he can obtain a recently processed regeneration of, say, the Schwartz-Dietz score for *Inside USA* (with Beatrice Lillie), the 1943 revival of the Rodgers and Hart *Connecticut Yankee*, or an original cast version of Weill's *Street Scene*. These and many others pieced together from 78 rpm sets or early LPs are part of the under-the-counter culture which is reasonably accessible without challenge of piracy.

Indeed, some manufacturers have taken note of the increasing demand for such esoterica by reactivating choice items out of their own catalogs. A prime mover in such commodities is the English-based Angel label, which earned the thanks of the discriminating years ago when it instituted its "Great Recordings of the Century" series on behalf of celebrated performances by the young Vladimir Horowitz, the trio of Thibaud-Cortot-Casals, and the eminent harpsichordist Wanda Landowska, among instrumentalists; Beniamino Gigli, Lotte Lehmann, Feodor Chaliapin, and Jussi Bjoerling among vocalists. For more recent performers of comparable quality, it created the Seraphim label, whose treasures are worth much more than the asking price and now include many "Great Recordings of the Century."

More recently it has ventured more boldly, less conventionally, by creating a similar hierarchy on behalf of its popular artists. It was ushered in, all rather deceptively, by a disk some months ago that paired Yehudi Menuhin as a semi-swing violinist with the great Stéphane Grappelli. Playing from written-out parts, Menuhin chased merrily after Grappelli's lead in a wide range of top tunes bearing the title "Jalousie: Music of the Thirties." Included are "Fine Romance," "Blue Room," "Night and Day," "Our Love Is Here to Stay," and a variety of others popular when Menuhin's mental gaze was on such things as recording the Elgar concerto with Sir Edward conducting.

Now, in turn, has come even purer gold in a reissue (also on Angel) of a dozen delights mined from the Mother Lode worked by the Quintet of the Hot Club of France in 1937. Led by Grappelli on violin and the great Belgian-born gypsy Django Reinhardt on guitar, the group also included Joseph Reinhardt and Roger Chaput on guitars and Louis Vola on bass. Those were the days when such American jazz greats as saxophonists Coleman Hawkins and Ben Webster, trumpeter Rex Stewart, and trombonist Dickie Wells played in Left Bank boîtes,

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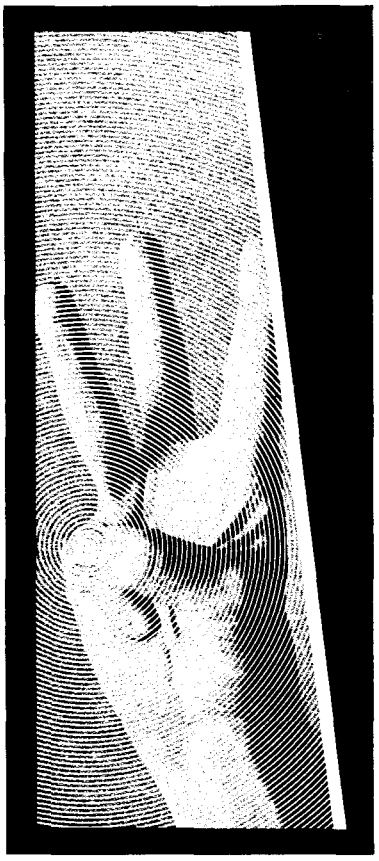

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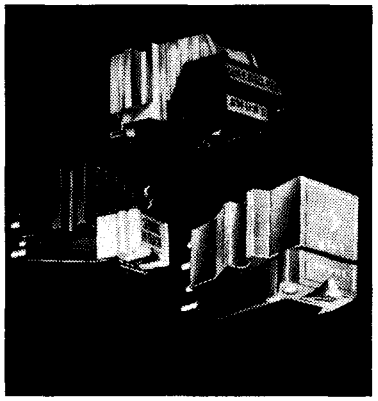

and standards in Paris were very high. Doubters, and others not tuned to the sounds from abroad when they were new, will find compelling testimony in just-reissued versions of "Exactly Like You," "Solitude," "Ain't Misbehavin'," and similar classics in Angel's "Great Jazz Recordings of the Century" series.

The contagion, fortunately, is spreading in all directions. RCA, which has had an off-and-on romance with Leopold Stokowski since it first recorded the Philadelphia Orchestra in 1917, has recently welcomed the prodigal home—at ninety-one—with a recording of Dvořák's *New World* Symphony made with the New Philharmonia Orchestra in England, where the great orchestral innovator was born and now makes his home. To celebrate the event, RCA has coupled this recording with a reissue of the same Dvořák symphony recorded by Stokowski and the Philadelphia Orchestra in 1927. As one who hovered breathlessly over the speaker to hear the *real* sound of a French horn mechanically reproduced for the first time, I make no secret that I much prefer the sharper thrust, the bolder blast, of today's French-horn sound. But that the 1927 Philadelphia Orchestra was worthy of the legends associated with it is abundantly evident from the reprocessing of what was proudly designated M-1—the forerunner of thousands of complete symphonies, concertos, operas, and other works issued by RCA.

IF ANYTHING EMERGES from the foregoing assessment of the many new—and old—possible adjuncts to aural enjoyment, it is exactly what was contended at the outset: Your stereo system, even your mono equipment (if that is how you are situated), affords resources of diversion unimaginable even a half-dozen years ago. Curiously, just as we are about to celebrate a national bicentennial, the craft of recording can soon celebrate a centenary of its own, with a conduit of squiggles and squirms that, among them, trace a history of mankind from the 1880s.

First a trickle, then a torrent, and more recently an ocean, of backed-up information, it cannot be forever damned and confined by legalisms. Till a more general system of distribution is devised, the improvised ones offer a fascinating incitement to investigation for all to whom one throb in the ear is worth a thousand pictures and, of course, ten thousand mute words. □

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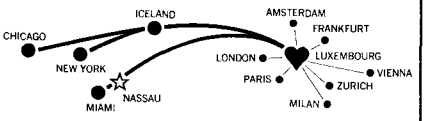

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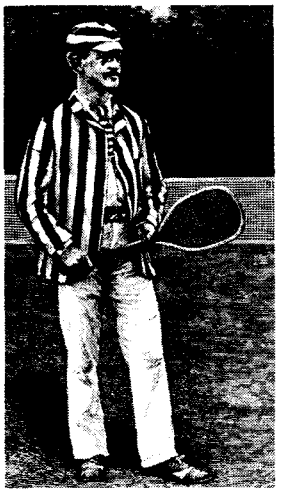

Bettmann Archive

Even Jimmy the Greek says that tennis, which came to America 100 years ago, is now the "hot game," a sign of youth, virility, and an indicator of status.

by Neil Amdur

The plush new facilities are everywhere—in familiar places like Las Vegas, Houston, and Acapulco and in out-of-the-way sun spots with strange-sounding names like Sea Pines, South Carolina, and Amelia Island, Florida.

One hundred years after it was introduced in the United States, tennis has become a game for the classes and masses. An extensive Nielsen survey taken at the end of 1973 estimates that over twenty million Americans, roughly 10 percent of the population, now play tennis and that 64 percent of these people, about thirteen million, play more than three times a month. Such figures represent an increase of almost 2.4 million players since the first informal Nielsen study was made about the sport three years ago.

The tennis explosion has carried over into all aspects of the sport. Indoor courts, once almost as non-existent as sudden-death tie breakers, are being built at the rate of one a day, with over 1.5 million people now identifying themselves as indoor players, according to the Nielsen numbers.

Manufacturers of tennis equipment can barely meet the demand for racquets, balls, and clothes from the flurry of new players who are plunking down as much as twenty-five to fifty dollars an hour for lessons from once-starving teaching professionals. At the Port Washington Tennis Academy on Long Island, eleven teaching pros administer a program to hundreds of youngsters and adults, and the salaries of some pros run as high as $40,000 a year.

THE MOST STRIKING EXAMPLE of tennis's impact is the financial appeal of the professional game. Once limited to obscure one-night stands, the various men's and women's pro circuits now offer more than five million dollars in prize money, with eager sponsors standing in line waiting to reap the potential rewards of identifying with World Championship Tennis or the combined Virginia Slims–United States Lawn Tennis Association women's tour.

Ilie Nastase, the tempestuous Rumanian pro, and Mrs. Margaret Court both won over $200,000 in prize money during 1973, and fourteen women pros earned as much as $20,000 on the circuit.

This spring, a new concept, World Team Tennis, will begin a five-month, forty-four-match playing season in sixteen North American cities, headed by such established pros as Mrs. Billie Jean King and John Newcombe.

Such growth seems remarkable considering the fact that "open tennis," which allows amateurs and pros to play in the same tournaments, was not approved in principle until 1968 by the international fathers. Before then, the sport had followed many of the same rules and thinking introduced by Mary Ewing Outerbridge, the woman who brought tennis from Bermuda to the Staten Island Cricket and Baseball Club in 1874.

Maj. Walter Clopton Wingfield, an Englishman, is credited with founding the modern game of lawn tennis in Britain, which also uses 1874 as a birthdate. It was the year that the major, shunning friends who laughed at his new game, applied for a patent and commissioned an agent to manufacture the first tennis sets.

But it was Miss Outerbridge (Bobby Riggs, take note) and one of her brothers, who happened to be a sea voyager, who carted the first tennis equipment to this country.

"The customs inspectors who went through their luggage were at a loss how to classify the weird assortment of nets and posts, stringed instruments and rubber balls," the late E. C. (Ned) Potter wrote in *Kings of the Court*, his classic history of the sport. "The set was placed in storage and released only after A. Emilius [Miss Outerbridge's brother] had used his influence at the Customs House."

Many cynics have suggested that organized tennis remained in storage for the first half of the twentieth century because of the stuffy, shortsighted attitude of its officials, who preferred the privacy of their restricted country clubs to more public facilities. It was Bill Talbert, a former player and now tournament director of the rich United States Open Championships, who observed that "tennis has a way of making problems, but it will grow in spite of itself." And so it has.

Many reasons besides the new indoor facilities and the "open era" at the professional level have been unearthed for the sudden surge in tennis popularity. These include physical fitness, the in-

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Neil Amdur, a sports writer with The New York Times, *is a collaborator on the forthcoming autobiography* My Race Be Won *by Vincent Matthews (Charterhouse).*

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herent social nature of the sport, its perfect family tie-ins, and, of course, television.

UNLIKE FOOTBALL or basketball, tennis can be played at any age, from five to seventy-five. The USLTA has championship divisions for players twelve and under and those seventy and over.

The concept of physical fitness also has undergone a transition since the Fifties and Sixties, when bowling and golf occupied the minds of most leisure-conscious Americans. Today, the frenzied business executive or harried suburban housewife wants the most exercise in the shortest time. He/she may not want to give up four or five hours for a round of golf, but sneaking in an hour of tennis still leaves time for coffee and post-match chatter.

Even in Las Vegas, which hates to let a potential gambler escape outdoors, the light has gone on. Once a town with fewer courts than you could count on a roll of dice, Vegas now has over sixty courts, including a flock at the Tropicana Hotel, which is paying Bobby Riggs $100,000 a year just to stand around and greet people fifteen days a month.

"Tennis is a hot game," says Jimmy ("The Greek") Snyder, the Las Vegas oddsmaker, who is known to follow trends and even had offered a betting line on the Riggs–Billie Jean King duel last year in the Astrodome.

The new tennis facilities being built leave little doubt that interest is at an all-time high. Not only are clubs going up everywhere, but also they seem to be built bigger and better. The days of four courts and a clubhouse are over.

One giant complex, the Lakeway World of Tennis (in Austin, Texas), has twenty-six courts, a three-level, glass-enclosed clubhouse, an expandable stadium court, townhouses, a racquet-shaped swimming pool, golf courses, marina, stables, and even an airstrip nearby. Lakeway's program offers countless excursions as well as camps for would-be players.

Amelia Island, an 11,600-acre chunk of real estate being developed on the northeastern coast of Florida, has eight courts completed and thirty-two on the firing line. It also has a twenty-four-room inn scheduled for completion in June. For the prospective home owner, costs range from $41,000 for a one-bedroom condominium to $148,000 for a three-bedroom villa overlooking the ocean.

The tennis boom is not limited to Texas, Florida, and California. In northern New Jersey, tennis clubs are going up in almost every town, the way bowling alleys suddenly appeared two decades before. New splashy facilities have sprung up in the Caribbean as well (particularly Puerto Rico), and Mexico is taking advantage of its warm weather to add new courts (even indoor ones) in its hot tourist stops such as Acapulco and Puerto Vallarta.

There was a time when the traveler who carried a tennis racquet on a plane was looked upon as an egghead. Now, women clutch their metal racquets as preciously, and with as much status, as their Gucci bags. For the man, tennis has become a sign of youth, virility, and that casual look which underscores confidence.

One of the most successful spin-offs in the boom has been the tennis camp, which offers intense instruction and unlimited play for either young or old. In its January 1974 issue, *World Tennis Magazine*, the leading publication in the sport, presented a thorough listing of sixty-one camps, ranging in price from $175 a week to $2200 for an international tennis camp in Monte Carlo (July 1 through August 11, coed, fourteen to twenty years old, contact Mrs. A. Palmer, 1140 Green Tree, Deerfield, Illinois 60015).

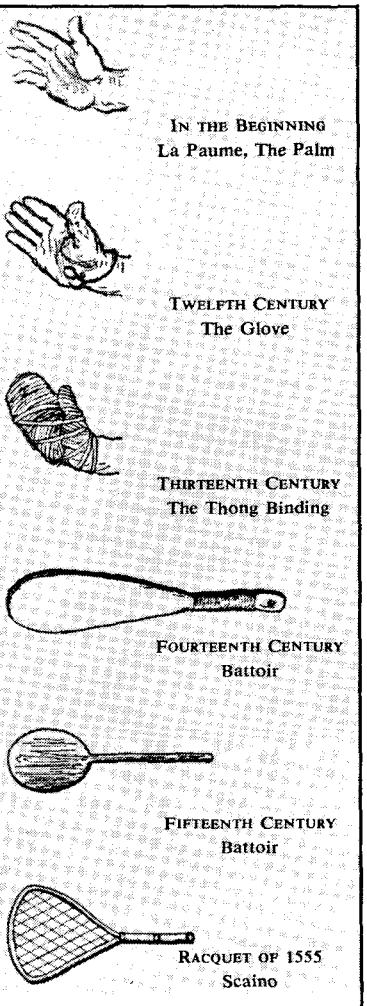
Neil Chase owns and operates the second oldest of the camps, in Westtown, Pennsylvania. In 1958 Chase had twenty-three campers. Now his camps boast over three thousand graduates from forty-seven states and numerous foreign countries.

Naturally, the touring pros have gotten into the act by lending their names and whatever time they have. Rod Laver and Roy Emerson, two Australian greats, have put their weight behind five camps that offer sessions throughout the year in various parts of the country.

For people who can't fly away to play, local clubs offer Saturday Night Specials, which allow various couples or organizations to rent entire facilities for tennis parties. The New Year's Eve tennis party has become a popular fixture to combine social and sports activities, while still remaining sober in mind, if not exactly in spirit, when you lose.

MORE THAN any other group, women seem to have embraced tennis and their teaching pros as a possible alternative to the fifty-dollar-an-hour trip to the analyst. The Nielsen survey, which sampled 2000 households and 6375 people, revealed that almost as many women (34 percent) as men (36 percent) now play. Mixed singles, as popularized in the King-Riggs match, and mixed doubles account for much of the renewed interest by women, particularly married housewives searching for new outlets.

"It's a great form of exercise, and you can still keep up your contacts with friends," says Mrs. Marti Jacobs, a Bergen County, New Jersey, mother of two boys, who plays women's doubles and



Some sports historians trace tennis back to Egyptian-Arabian fertility rites. The game has also been linked with a type of handball played by Greeks and Romans. *Tennis* is said to have derived from *tenez*, a French word for "take heed." The French reference to *jeu de paume* meant "game of the hand." Gloves, bats, and racquets came later. *Love*, the tennis term for zero, is said to have descended from *l'oeuf*, French for "egg," or, in the vernacular, "goose egg"—no score.

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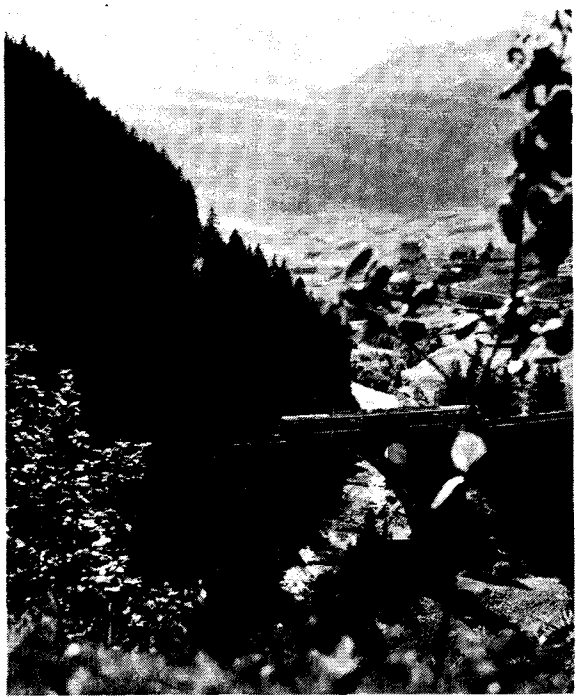
BUT WHEN THEY ASK YOU WHAT THE EUROPEAN COUNTRYSIDE WAS LIKE WHAT WILL YOU TELL THEM?



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mixed doubles with her husband, Ray, an attorney.

The Jacobses also enjoy watching tennis on television. Tennis has come a long way since its early beginnings on public television, which still offers the most interesting coverage. It now has been embraced by all three commercial networks. The King-Riggs prime-time extravaganza on ABC drew one of the largest audiences ever for a sports event and buried its rival show on CBS, the award-winning movie *Bonnie and Clyde*.

What tennis has not been able to solve, in its surge toward recognition and acceptance, is its petty political problems at the organization level. Few fans who watch Stan Smith play John Newcombe in a nationally televised Sunday final understand the machinery of the various wars between tennis's feuding factions, who are struggling to retain a sense of power as the financial balloon inflates and flies away from them.

Unlike professional golf, which is controlled in the United States by one major body, the Professional Golfers Association (PGA), tennis is run by a handful of organizations that claim international jurisdiction but seem to have only one thing in common—initials.

There are the ILTF, USLTA, WCT, WTT, ATP, and scores of others that mean little to the average sports fan, who is deluged by new leagues and franchises. Without becoming too involved, the basic responsibilities could be listed as follows:

ILTF—International Lawn Tennis Federation. The supposed international governing body of the sport.

USLTA—United States Lawn Tennis Association. The sanctioning and governing body in the United States.

WCT—World Championship Tennis. A Texas-based organization, owned and operated by Lamar Hunt. It runs its own tour, from January through May, with almost all of the top players competing.

WTT—World Team Tennis. A league that is trying to gain sanction but is the root of much distrust by Europeans who fear its contracts and summer schedule will keep the top players in the United States and further Americanize the game.

ATP—Association of Tennis Professionals. The latest, and perhaps most effective, of the players' associations. It has over one hundred thirty members, with almost every name pro.

The feuding has not solidified the sport. But it has helped the players grow richer than many ever had envisioned when they were begging for $500 a week expense money as "shamateurs" on the old international circuit. The first-place prize in the World Championship of Tennis singles final in Dallas is $50,000.

Can tennis maintain its current express speed, or is it destined for a sudden stop, as bowling was? The consensus seems to be that tennis's growth will continue through 1980, although perhaps at a somewhat less spectacular rate than during the last six years. Unlike bowling, which found itself with more facilities but with the same people simply bowling more often, tennis has uncovered thousands of new players, particularly in the eighteen-to-thirty-four bracket.

The big test will come when the investors begin to see if their new facilities are being filled, or if sponsors feel they are getting their money's worth from investing $50,000 or $100,000 for a tournament.

Most hackers couldn't care less about the investors or the sponsors. For them, the real challenge is whether they will ever master a deep second serve, the drop volley, or that damn backhand. Now *that's* where it will be 100 years from now. □

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RULES OF THUMB

Hitchhiking opportunities around the globe are best gauged with three rules of thumb—distance between cities, crime rate, and cars per capita. Here is a thumbnail guide for travelers who would get places without using their own fuel:

Australia—Exemplifies all the positive points. The crime rate is low, cars are available though not abundant, hitchhiking is common. Tourist bureaus are pleased to issue hints on hitchhiking in the Outback.

Japan—The hardest part of thumbing rides here is refusing effusive offers. The hitchhiker may get not only a ride but also an offer of a meal or even accommodations.

Malaysia—Cordiality reigns. The only vehicle outnumbering bicycles is the Mercedes.

Uganda—Reception definitely cool. Hitchhikers report having been shot at.

Afghanistan—Personal safety is the big question.

Mexico—Thumbers are deported unless they prove to have enough funds to sustain them.

Nepal—Lovely place to thumb if you sit well on a donkey.

Kenya—Hitchhikers are welcome, but one might wait a long time before seeing a car.

Indonesia—So few vehicles that, as in many developing countries, the thumber may be expected to pay.

Canada—In general, thumbing is banned if done from the pavement or from the edge of major highways.

Poland—Citizens and foreigners pay a fee for registering in a government hitchhiking plan. Those who solicit rides are given a block of coupons. Drivers who collect the most coupons get prizes.

Soviet Union—Similar, but in-house, incentive plan.

United States—Vermont is the only state that permits the practice on all highways except interstates. Thirty-nine states bar standing on the traveled part of a road to seek a ride. He who thumbs from the grass is not in violation. No state laws about it in Missouri and South Dakota. But beware of Maine, where even the right-of-way doesn't permit one the right to thumb. JOURDAN HOUSTON

Jourdan Houston is a free-lance writer living in New Hampshire.

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The Iranian Emergence

by Dena Kaye

There are chill desert nights in Persepolis, once the imperial city of Persia, when the fires set by Alexander the Great's marauding army seem real enough to warm the air. Ominous music booms forth from the depths of mountainside tombs, and a dramatic voice recounts the fall of the empire at the hands of Alexander. The setting is real, but the image springs from the sound-and-light program that dramatizes the history of the city.

Persepolis lay like a haunted ghost town since 330 B.C., when Alexander's army sacked and looted it, carrying away its valuables on the backs of 20,000 mules and 5000 camels. But the raiders left untouched the underground oil treasure, the economic basis of the present-day Iranian empire.

Persepolis was never a political capital, but a traditional setting for celebrations of great national importance. Historically, it qualified as the ideal location for commemorating, in October 1971, the 2500th anniversary of the founding of the Persian Empire.

The festivities came, in fact, nine years late, for the proper anniversary year was 1962. Conditions in the country at that time hardly justified a jubilee. "If the celebration had been held then," a prominent Iranian said to me, "our people would have had only the past to look for their glory." But in the early Sixties, His Imperial Majesty Mohammad Reza Shah Pahlavi, Shahanshah Arya-Mehr, launched the White Revolution, a twelve-point program designed to achieve broad social, political, and economic reforms. A list of the results would rival the length of a U.N. resolution, but major achievements have included sweeping agrarian reform, nationalization of water and forests, private ownership of previously government-owned factories, profit-sharing plans, the enfranchisement of women, and the reorganization of government agencies. Cadres were formed to develop literacy, health, and planning systems in rural areas.

Oil revenues have proven an economic windfall. Iran is the second largest exporter, after Saudi Arabia. Soaring oil prices during the energy crisis could lift this year's profits to $20 billion.

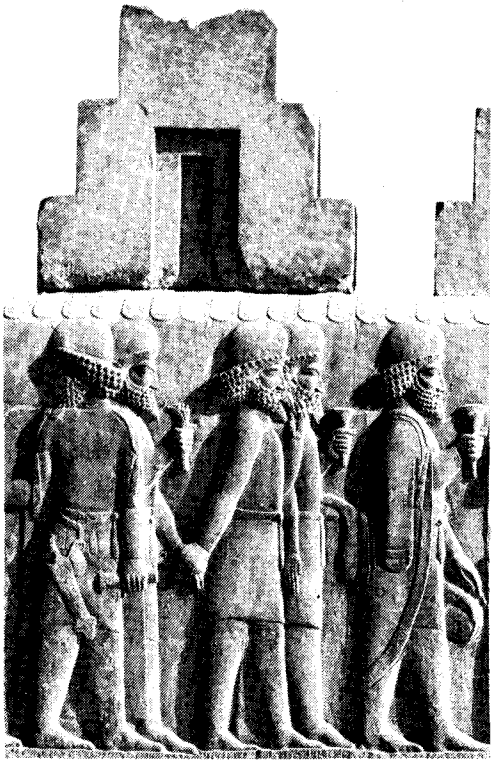
Oil reserves may well be depleted in twenty years, so a considerable portion of the proceeds now finances the development of alternate sources of income. In the current five-year plan, $200 million has been set aside for new tourist facilities, and additional funds will finance such necessities of tourism as highways and a new airport in Tehran, scheduled to open in 1980. Some of the $110 million spent for the anniversary celebration at Persepolis actually went for new roads, airports, hotels, a telecommunications system, and electrical generating plants, all of which support the move toward a vigorous tourist program.

The cities I visited—Tehran, the capital; Isfahan, the art center; and Shiraz, cultural hub and portal to Persepolis—all show some repercussions of rapid industrialization—pollution, traffic jams à la Jacques Tati, to name only two—but they offer an ancient heritage. While building for the future, Persians are also preserving their cultural legacy. Scaffolding curls around mosques just as wooden spiderwebs have been spun around Europe's Gothic façades.

A clear vision of the past may escape the visitor whose first glimpse of Iran is modern Tehran. Broad new highways stream into the capital from the airport, passing land marked for low-cost government housing. Downtown Tehran, planted with towering buildings, modern hotels, department stores, and cranes resembling giraffes in a cement jungle, smacks of frenzied midtown Manhattan. Underneath this contemporary coating, one can discover the Persian past.

The white-stone Shayad Tower stands as a welcome mat to Tehran. It was built for the anniversary fête, known in local parlance as "two thousand five hundred." A museum is lodged on the basement level, and the "machine for the exploration of time," a conveyor belt moving through a motion-picture history of Iran, briefs a new arrival.

A more detailed study of the people and customs in the various provinces is well presented at the Ethnological Museum. These exhibits of day-to-day activities—marquetry, felt material work, wooden block carvings, and costumes—have no relevance to the style monarchs



Persepolis bas-relief—Left untouched, an

once pursued across the gardens in the Golestan Palace.

No longer a royal residence, the palace made a fleeting comeback as the place for the Shah's coronation in 1967. The entrance hall glitters in a mosaic of mirrors, a traditional art form that began when the Venetian mirrors ordered by Persian kings shattered in transit. This style has been updated by artist Monir Farmanfarmaian, who uses geometric-shaped mirror mosaics to line walls and ceilings of homes and hotels, notably Tehran's Inter-Continental.

Inside the hall of the Golestan Palace, the collection of Sèvres porcelain, carpets, and paintings pales before the star attraction: the Peacock Throne. Who really owns this square divan, mounted on gold legs and encrusted top to bottom with precious stones, remains a subject for continuing debate. Some scholars say Nader Shah brought it back from his victories in India in the eighteenth century. Others say it was made in Iran from jewels brought back from India. The Indians claim they were robbed.

Far and away the most fabulous noncontroversial jewels the visitor can see belong to the Crown. Some pieces date back to the Safavid period (sixteenth to eighteenth centuries), but they are a mere thimbleful of the treasures collected by those sovereigns. Once a mark of the wealth and vanity of rulers, the

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underground oil treasure worth billions.

baubles now serve as a guarantee for state loans.

Emeralds, rubies, diamonds, and pearls are scattered in glass cases like spilled beans. Tiaras, enameled gold bowls (visitors in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries described jeweled kitchen utensils), flasks, brooches as big as jousters' shields, and jeweled water pipes pop the eye. Perhaps the eighty-pound globe takes the ogler's prize. The entire surface, including the stand, is carpeted with more than fifty thousand stones. One tale says Nasr-ed-Din, who reigned in the nineteenth century, wanted his unset stones put together in one place so that he could see them all at once.

While some shahs considered jewel-collecting a sport, others patronized gymnastics. Originally established as the focal point of a national religious movement after the seventh-century Arab invasion, these gymnastic exercises can still be seen today. In the Ja'fari Club a flock of hefty men perform to the rhythm of a litany sung by a *morshed,* or master of ceremonies.

Followers of modern sporting competition will gather in Tehran this September for the Seventh Asian Games. Spectators can encamp at the deluxe downtown Inter-Continental or at the equally comfortable Sheraton or Hilton.

In addition to providing modern rooms with views of Tehran, Hilton will ferry guests to the airport by helicopter or take gamblers to the casino at Abeali, a ski resort fifteen minutes away by air.

But only air force generals and VIPs command regular chopper service. The traveler must rely on Iran Air, an airline that provides transport throughout the country. (BOAC runs frequent N.Y.-Tehran service.) Most Iran Air flights bound for points south leave Tehran at sunrise. Isfahan, a former capital, is the first stop.

Tehran's past must be unearthed, but Isfahan wears its past on its sleeve. A visitor from France in the seventeenth century wrote that Isfahan had 162 mosques, 48 madrasahs (schools), 183 caravansaries, and 163 baths. A jet-age traveler sees the same outdoor museum as did the first Western diplomats and merchants who came by caravan to the city built by Shah Abbas the Great.

This nabob, who ruled during the early seventeenth century, was a great unifier, pacifier, and administrator who initiated relations with Europe. He and his successors were also passionate builders. The monuments survive in magnificence, with flower-decked domes, like brilliant bubbles in the sky, giant minarets with their enamel corsets and frescoed palaces.

The centerpiece of the city is the Meydan-e Shah, or Royal Square. It is also called Naqsh-e Jahan, "Image of the World," for through it passed visitors from East and West. The rectangular field is rimmed by two-storied brick arcades, broken by the entrances, on each side, to the royal caravansary and bazaar, the mosque of Sheikh Lotfollah, and Ali Qapu—the main portal of the palace, serving as a grandstand for the Shah and his entourage—and the superb Majid-i-Shah, the Shah's Mosque.

From his terrace on top of Ali Qapu, the Shah could watch caravans unfold, tradesmen and merchants barter, and, at night, "gay charlatans, puppet shows, thimble-riggers, verse and prose storytellers, even preachers and tents full of prostitutes."

THIS SCENE HAS DISAPPEARED, but one beholds the Shah's Mosque with an awe undiminished by time. Its sky-blue tiles flash brilliantly. At closer inspection, the tiles become intricate interlacings of colors. Minarets stand as religious sentinels over the great courtyard, and yawning spaces, framed by parts of the mosque, make it a world in itself. To stand here is a moment snatched from the past, until a tape recording played over a loudspeaker summons the faithful to prayer.

One can also touch some of the long ago deep in the bazaar. Dark, dank covered alleyways bulge with stalls of copperware—beautiful but heavy trays and coffeepots. Men crouched in small cubicles handprint materials with wooden blocks. Anywhere you wander, the vendor's voice offers special bargains.

Quiet settles over the small shop where miniature paintings and camel-bone boxes are sold on Chaharbagh Avenue. If you admire Charles de Gaulle's taste in art, study these wares, for the general's letter praising the merchandise is in the window.

When the Shah comes to Isfahan he stays at the Shah Abbas Hotel. This former caravansary has been transformed into what may well be one of the world's most sumptuous, if slightly overdone, inns.

The hotel shows off the skills of glassworkers, sculptors, goldsmiths, carpet weavers, and painters. Suites are papered in patterns resembling tiles on mosques. Piles of cushy red pillows fill corners of the bar, while Persian music and soft lighting induce dreams of the empire. The hotel dining room might better be appreciated as a work of art than as a gastronomic center—although this is a one-visit judgment. Large chandeliers punctuate the ballroom-sized room, and the wallpaper depicts life in the time of Shah Abbas. I didn't dine at the Kourosh Hotel; still, I can recommend its splendid eagle's-eye view of the city, a panorama complete with floodlit monuments.

Some Persians label Isfahanis hard-working, greedy, and money hungry. This could never be said about the inhabitants of Shiraz. "We are made lazy by the climate, not too cold in winter or hot in summer," said one resident. "We're just hospitable people." Shiraz holds the triple title "city of roses, poets, and wine." (It probably has the only winery that also makes vodka.)

Shiraz looks like a big green suburb. Parks, private gardens, and shaded avenues abound, all set between brown-sugar mountains. A new refinery and large TV installation add a new but unobtrusive dimension to this educational and cultural center. Pahlavi University takes after American institutions and has exchange programs with stateside universities. The Shiraz Festival of the Arts, staged each summer in nearby Persepolis, draws such unlikely groups as the Joffrey Ballet Company.

The character of Shiraz surfaces in two

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of its proudest monuments. While many cities honor battle-torn generals and statesmen, Shiraz salutes two poets, Saadi and Hafiz. A romantic poet, Saadi asked for the following inscription on his tomb: "From the tomb of Saadi, son of Shiraz/ The perfume of love escapes/Thou shalt smell it still one thousand years later"—into the twenty-third century. Hafiz was one of Persia's greatest lyric poets, whose verses have become aphorisms.

Those who visit these mausoleums set in flowering gardens place two fingers on the flagstone as a gesture of tribute. One sees another kind of worship at the Shah Cheragh Shrine, which houses the tomb of the brother of the eighth Imam. No woman—even if she's outfitted in tourist garb of camera, sunglasses, and guidebook—can enter this sacred dell without wearing a *chador,* a long cape draped from head to toe, traditionally worn to hide femininity. Inside the shrine, believers leave as much as $45,000 in a three-month period.

Shiraz's bazaar was built during the Zand dynasty in the eighteenth century. The smell of pistachio nuts sautéing in spices and chunks of salt flavors the air. Burlap bags hold medicinal herbs. Persian carpets are piled high like an enormous stack of hotcakes. Alas, they are no bargain: A six-by-four rug, riddled with close-knit knots (the mark of quality), costs about $250. The colorful quality of the bazaar is enhanced by members of the Qashqai tribe, semi-nomads who live outside the city. The women, dressed like Spanish dancers in bright-colored full skirts, bolero jackets trimmed with glittering threads and bangles, come here to make their purchases.

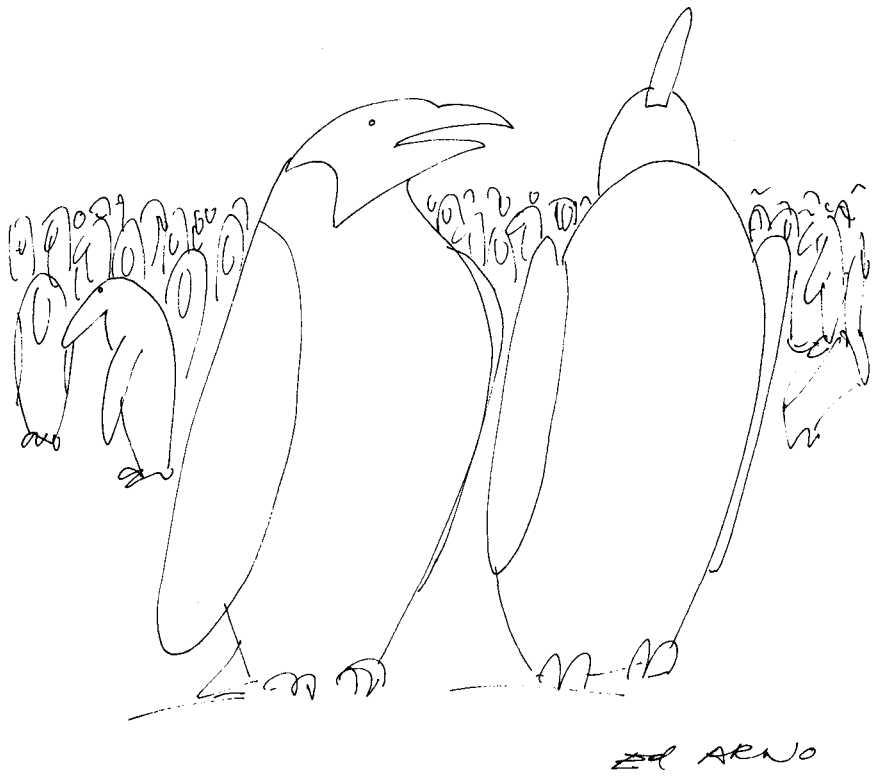
Shiraz is the gateway to the south, a gathering place for these last nomads. It is also the starting gate for the hour's drive to Persepolis. It wasn't too long ago that visitors to the ancient city took along an armed guard against robbers. Now, of course, it is all very civilized. One can depart in a blue Mercedes, marked "Persepolis" on the door, and lodge at the luxurious Darius Inter-Continental Hotel nearby.

The sixty-odd tents of the canvas city that sheltered presidents, pashas, and kings during the anniversary celebration still stand. A main tent, used for the receptions, sparkles with plastic chandeliers made in Venice. (You can't expect heavy crystal in a tent.) But it is not the memories of the extravagant festivities nor of the Shah's dinner that keep Persepolis alive.

The 2500-year-old ruins still glisten with life. Beige-stone remains of the ornate and stunning city spread over an artificial terrace. One climbs the staircase to enter through the Portal of Nations, with gigantic winged bulls on the walls, as did the visitors who came from the steppes of Asia, the banks of the Nile, the Danube estuary, bringing their allegiance, gifts, and artistic talents. The eye is immediately drawn to the trademark of Persepolis, the tall fluted columns of the Apadana, the main hall of the palace.

The northern staircase leading to the Apadana was once buried in sand but now shows off its well-preserved bas-reliefs depicting representatives of the twenty-three countries of the empire, bringing gifts. Other storied relics include palaces; a harem area, now a museum; and the remains of the Hall of a Hundred Columns, now just column bases.

Everything at Persepolis was intended to illustrate the power of the king and the diversity of the people composing the empire, a realm that is renascent twenty-five centuries after its earliest glory, ready to emerge as a power, a force, an entity with which modern nations must now reckon. □



"I'm curious. What prompted you to select me, when there are so many others who are just as qualified?"

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 9

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer on page 70.

VIM FUJMWV LFFZW
YXM WVHUU FSUB GRWV
FRV VF VIFWM PIF
IYQM SFV XMYJ VIMT.
WYTRMU LRVUMX

WIT TWISTER NO. 20
Edited by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word. Answers on page 70.

The ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
___ ___ her boss's icy mood
And from its ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
calmly understands
That by her gentlest ___ ___ ___ ___
___ he may be wooed
And turned from ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
to putty in her hands.

Contributed by Ross Hamilton, Scottsdale, Arizona.

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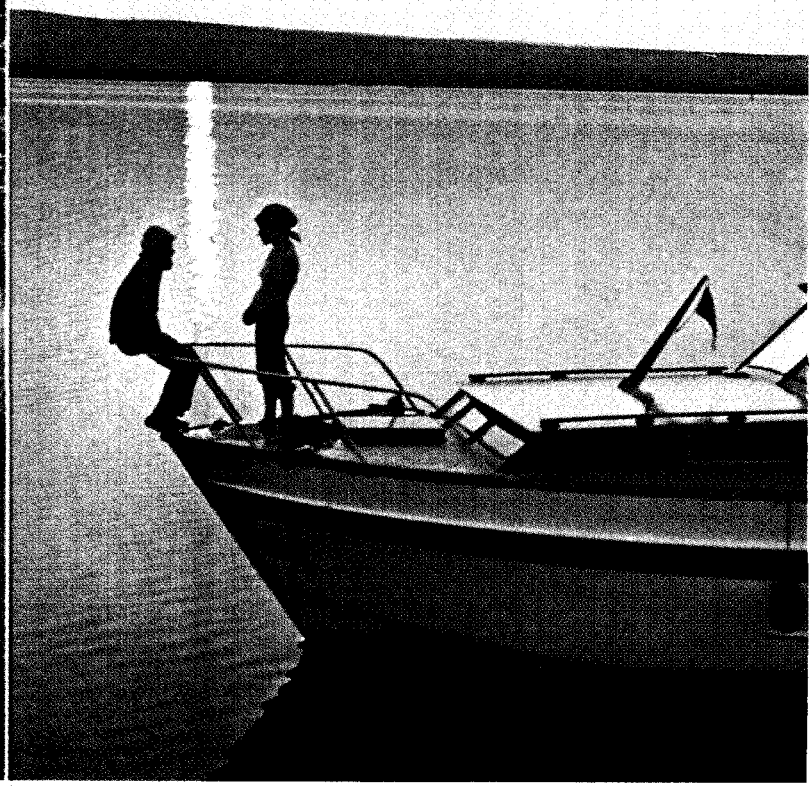

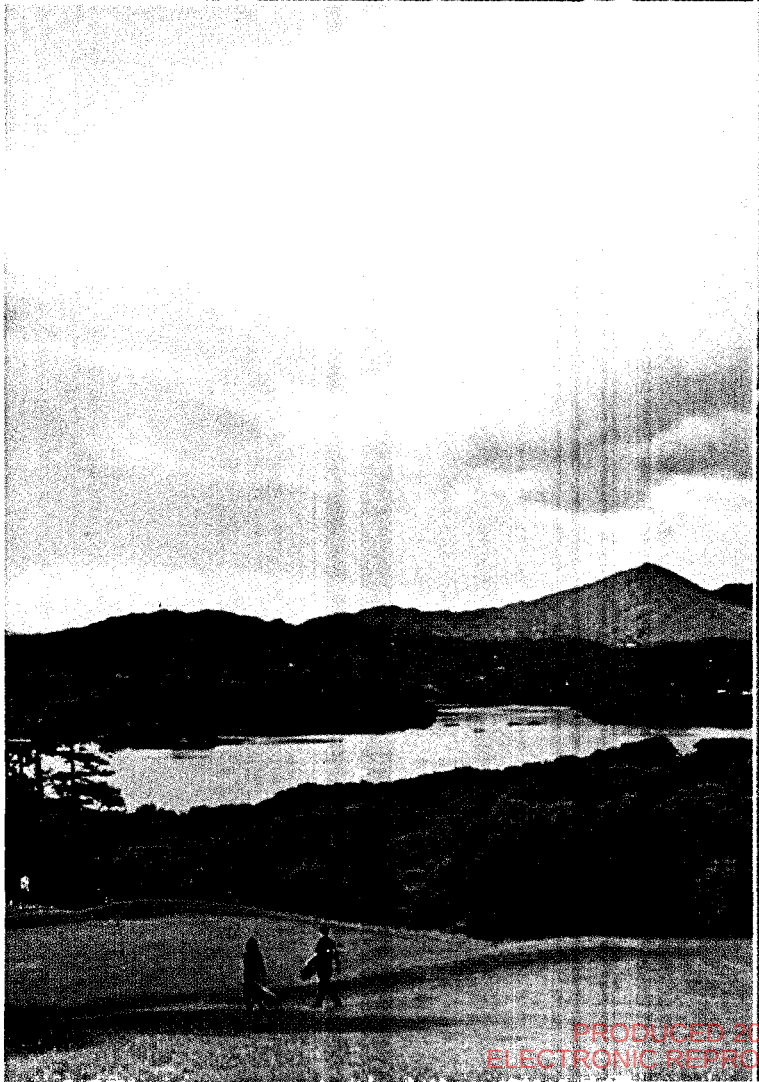

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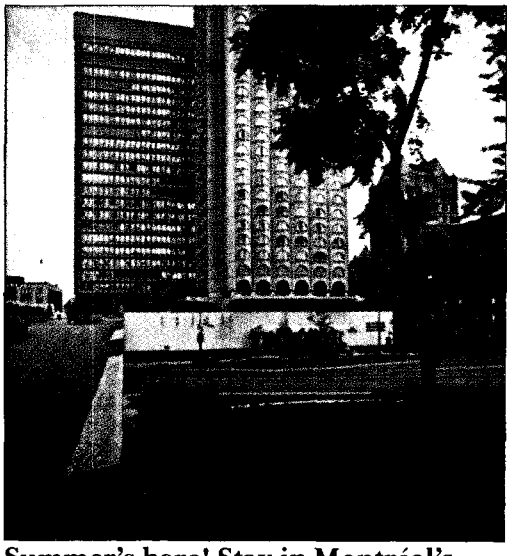

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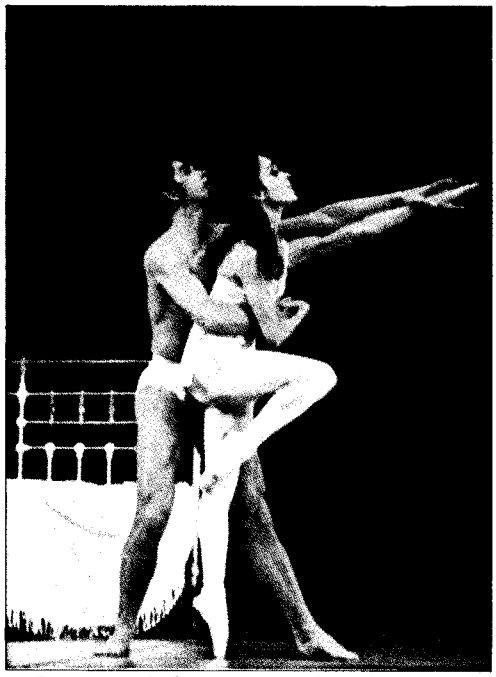

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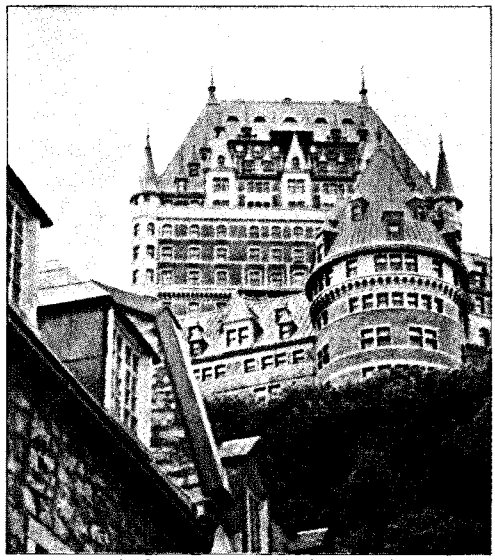

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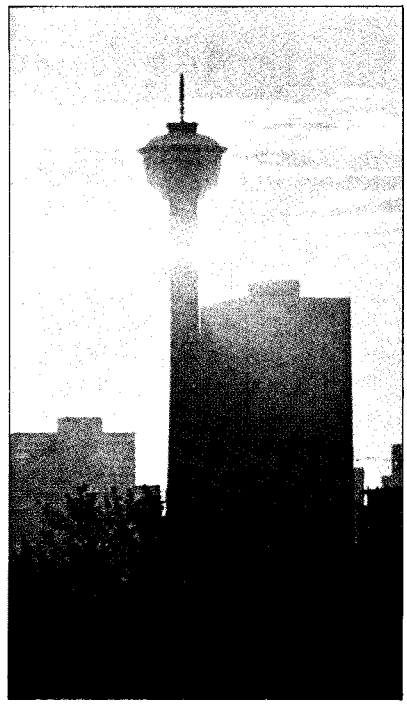

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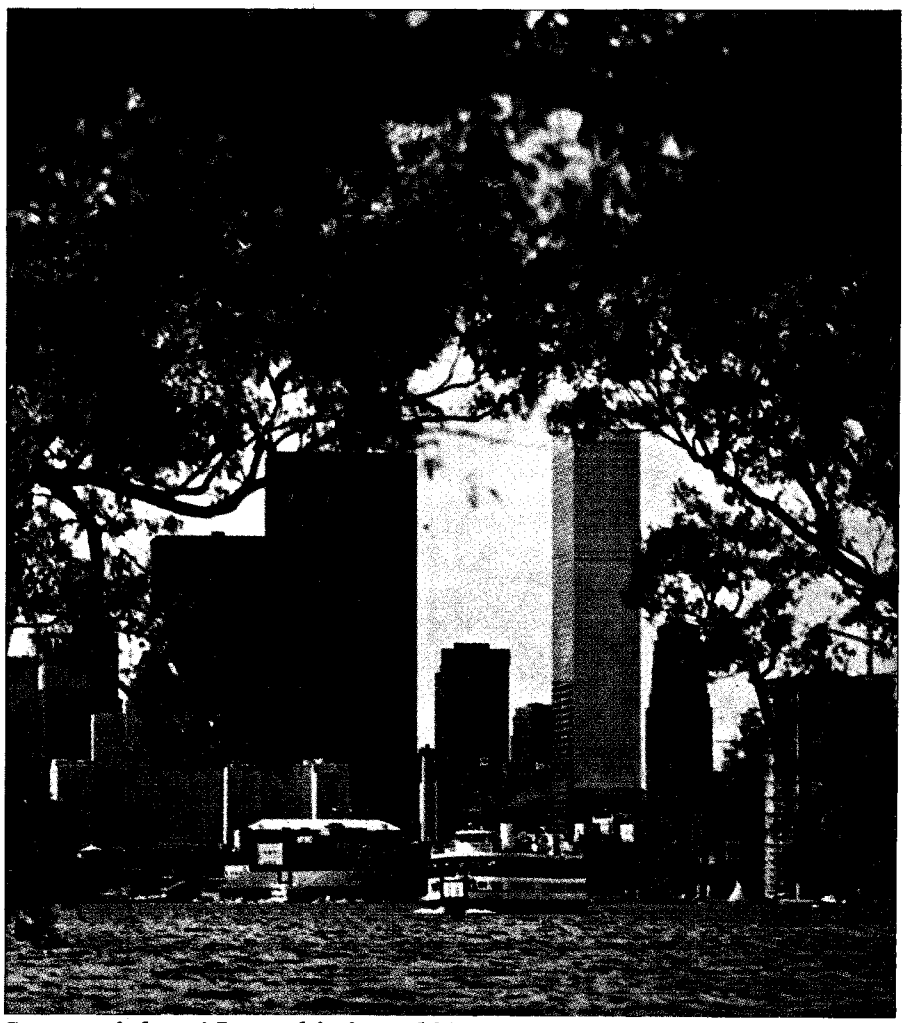

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Children's Books: The Best of the Spring Season

by William Cole

Many, many more children's books are sent to a magazine than can possibly be reviewed; so what the reviewer looks for are those showing some ingenuity, some delight, always keeping in mind that, with books for young children, parents have to read them, too. There's a damnable lie that appears on the jacket copy of many children's books, which goes to the tune of "children and grown-ups alike will love this story." Uh, uh. Very few. Ezra Pound said something to the effect that poetry should be at least as well written as prose, and I'd also say that children's books should be at least as well written as adult books. And it is surprising, in these sophisticated times, how many children's books come up with ugly, awkward drawings. The artists fall down on anatomy, principally; they don't know how the knee bone's connected to the thigh bone, etc.

It is in the nature of publishing that some fine books aren't ready for the eye of the reviewer in time for his publication's deadline. I'm sure that some good books haven't got to me for this spring roundup (but, mind you, the really big books are always published in the fall). In any case, I missed a whizzer last time, so I'll mention now that it is worthwhile to go way back and look up last year's *Who Needs Donuts?* by Mark Alan Stamaty (Dial, $4.95). I don't like the way Mr. Stamaty spells *doughnuts*, but his illustrations are hilarious and intricate, and his story is ridiculous in a nice kind of way. It's the story of a doughnut-crazed lad and his search for them in the big city. Your four-to-eight-year-old will love it, and so will you.

I'd also like to mention the new, nine-times-a-year magazine for children, *Cricket,* which is available in some five hundred bookstores, as well as by subscription (ten dollars yearly, Box 100, La Salle, Illinois 61301). All the best contemporary authors and illustrators.

My favorites are checked:

For Older Children (Roughly 8–11)

MAKING PUPPETS COME ALIVE, by Larry Engler and Carol Fijan (Taplinger, $9.95). Did you know that there are six ways to put a hand puppet on? Photographs show them. You should also remember to keep the voice you start with and, also, to always *shoot* out your words! Clear photos and text about the handy little things: construction, staging, props, and finger, wrist, and arm movements.

HOW TO PLAY BASEBALL BETTER THAN YOU DID LAST SEASON, by Jonah Kalb, illustrated by Kevin Callahan (Macmillan, $5.95). You can't grow up in America knowing nothing about baseball, but I managed. Now I've ruined my record by reading this interesting how-to book. I've found out why players sometimes swing two bats, what it means to "explode" your hands, and why it pays to be a bit of an actor. A sensible book.

SHADOWPLAY, by George Mendoza with Prasanna Rao (Holt, $5.95). By golly, you can find an expert for *any*thing! Here's Mr. Rao, from India, who's known as "the Prince of Shadows." With his two hands, he can cast anything upon a wall: Napoleon, a rhinoceros, a taxi, a teapot. Photographs of the hand positions and the resulting silhouettes.

SAVE THE EARTH, by Betty Miles, illustrated by Claire A. Nivola (Knopf, $2.50 paper). A noble effort to bring ecology to the kids. Clean line illustrations, as are only proper. Divided into sections, such as Land, Air, Water, and How to Do It: Write a Letter to Washington, Start a Block Association, Hold a Press Conference.

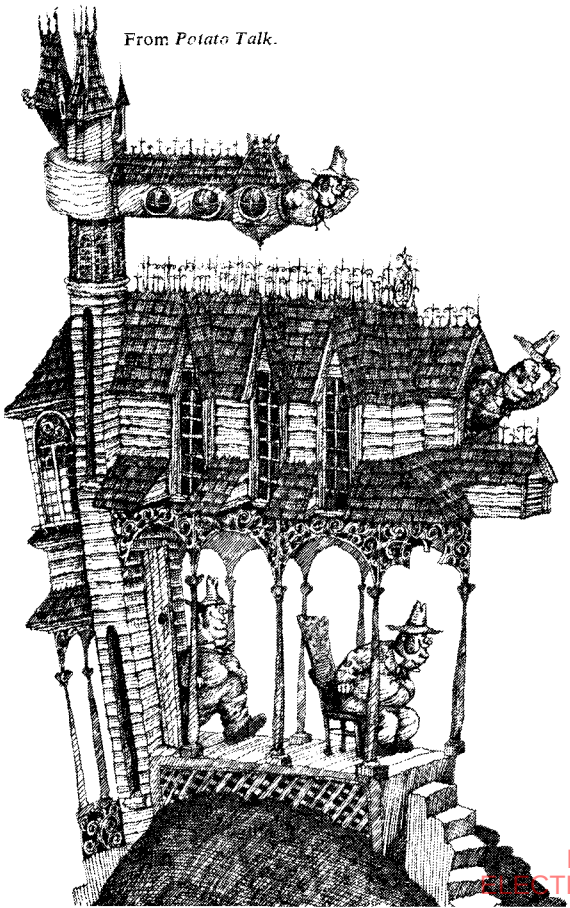
From *Mr. Bump.*

THOR HEYERDAHL AND THE REED BOAT RA, by Barbara Beasley Murphy and Norman Baker (Lippincott, $4.95). Seven men—a U.N. in miniature—went to sea in a paper boat. Well-told text-photo account (the co-author was navigator) of fifty-seven days on a handmade boat sailing from Morocco to Barbados.

From *Crazy Brobobalou.*

CANDIES, COOKIES, CAKES, by Aileen Paul and Arthur Hawkins (Doubleday, $4.95). This seems a sensible book, although I would have put *clean up!* in large letters after each recipe. Directions are given in clear, numbered steps, and instructions read, for example, "Stir until soft and gooey."

SOUP, by Robert Newton Peck (Knopf, $4.95). The author of *A Day No Pigs Would Die* recalls his not-so-long-ago growing up in rural Vermont (is there any other Vermont?). Short tales of two buddies: acorn pipes, dogs, bullies, school—the lot.



From *Potato Talk.*

William Cole has created some thirty-odd children's books. His next, What's Good for a Three-Year-Old, *will be published this fall by Holt, Rinehart & Winston.*

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✓ CROSS YOUR FINGERS, SPIT IN YOUR HAT, by Alvin Schwartz, illustrated by Glen Rounds (Lippincott, $4.95 hardback, $2.25 paper). The fourth in a fine series of American-folklore books from this team. Superstitions and other oddities: the unpleasant procedures necessary for becoming a witch; how to get rid of warts (whatever became of warts?). Did you know that if you don't shave it will help you to pass a test? Unobtrusive and amusing line drawings.

For Younger Children (Roughly 3–8)

JENNY'S REVENGE, by Anne Norris Baldwin, illustrated by Emily Arnold McCully (Four Winds, $3.95). Jenny's mother goes off to teach, and old Mrs. Cramie is in charge. It's too oppressive for Jenny until she finds out that Mrs. C. was once in a circus; then all is well. A sweet book, mostly text.

SUNSET IN A SPIDER WEB: SIJO POETRY OF ANCIENT KOREA, adapted by Virginia Olsen Baron, illustrated by Minja Park Kim (Holt, $4.95). The sijo is a six-line poem (in Korean, it's three long lines) that is more relaxed about syllables than haiku, and I find it much more interesting. Best to give an example:

Old man weighed down with a bundle on your head
And a bundle on your back,
Let me carry all that for you.
I am young; even a boulder is not too heavy for me.
To be old is sad enough
Without making life harder.

HARRY IS A SCAREDY-CAT, written and illustrated by Byron Barton (Macmillan, $5.95). Remember the old insult, "May all your children be acrobats"? Well, here's a kid who becomes an acrobat, and his parents are happy about it. Harry was afraid of everything; then he's taken to the circus, where a bunch of balloons bear him aloft, eventually depositing him in the lion's cage. Home, safe, he tumbles in through his front door and afterwards becomes a real cutup, excelling in acrobatic tricks. Handsome flat colors, cartoon characters.

From *A Book of Sorcerers and Spells.*

ALFRED GOES HOUSE HUNTING, written and illustrated by Bill Binzen (Doubleday, $4.95). Mr. Binzen is an ingenious photographer who places a little white teddy bear in various house-hunting positions, finally settling him in a birdhouse. Ours is not to question how he gets up and down. For the very young.

THE MUSHROOM CENTER DISASTER, by N. M. Bodecker, illustrated by Erik Blegvad (Atheneum/McElderry, $4.25). Picnic garbage gets dumped on a tiny ant-beetle-snail community, and they convert it to good use. A mostly text tale, small format, and fun.

✓ THE GREEN ISLE, by Philip Burton, illustrated by Robert Andrew Parker (Dial, $5.95). A Welsh fairy tale of the beautiful princess and the handsome shepherd boy, natch, told by the man who brought Richard Burton up, which has nothing to do with anything. Robert Andrew Parker has painted some of the world's finest watercolors, and these are superb, making it almost an art book.

TAKE TARTS AS TARTS IS PASSING, by Eleanor Clymer, illustrated by Roy Doty (Dutton, $4.95). The message is "grab the moment." Two brothers seeking their fortunes; one scorns a ride on a dusty wagon and ends up a zero. The other "takes tarts as tarts is passing," and everything comes up roses. Decorative cartoon-like illustrations.

THE STUDENT WHO BECAME A KING IN SPITE OF HIMSELF, written and illustrated by Colos (Holt, $5.95). Hungarian folktale about an impecunious lad, a beautiful princess, a seven-headed dragon —that kind of thing. What fascinates is that most of the pictures are done in collage—postage stamps, stickers, old engravings, etc. Lots to look at.

TWO GOOD FRIENDS, by Judy Delton, illustrated by Giulio Maestro (Crown, $4.50). Bear is a slob and duck is compulsively neat. Bear bakes for duck, duck cleans up for bear, and so between them, they lick the platter clean. Funny pictures, an endearing book.

From *Firerose.*

THE SEAL AND THE SLICK, by Don Freeman (Viking, $5.95). Once you've heard the title, you know. Freeman's twentieth children's book, done in lovely, soft watercolors, is an eloquent plea to keep the offshore waters clean. Also a tribute to bird and animal rescue stations.

THE HISTORY OF MOTHER TWADDLE AND THE MARVELOUS ACHIEVEMENTS OF HER SON JACK, written and illustrated by Paul Galdone (Seabury, $5.95). A romp with the 1807 poetry version of the story of Jack and his large legume. I can't quite stomach Jack's "grabbing a large knife" and cutting off the giant's head while he sleeps.

THE LITTLE WITCH'S BLACK MAGIC BOOK OF GAMES, written and illustrated by Linda Glovach (Prentice-Hall, $4.95). How to keep the tiny tots busy. These aren't all traditional games like those so well presented in Anne Rockwell's book last season. They have more informal, contemporary foolishness. Thirty games, including ways to decide who goes first. The children in the drawings look like a bunch of idiots.

HUGH AND FITZHUGH, by Peter Goodspeed, illustrated by Carol Nicklaus (Platt & Munk, $2.95). Hugh is a boy, Fitzhugh his dog. Whenever he's asked, "What kind of dog?" Hugh replies with a long word: *reprehensible, obstreperous, loquacious* (to the latter the questioner

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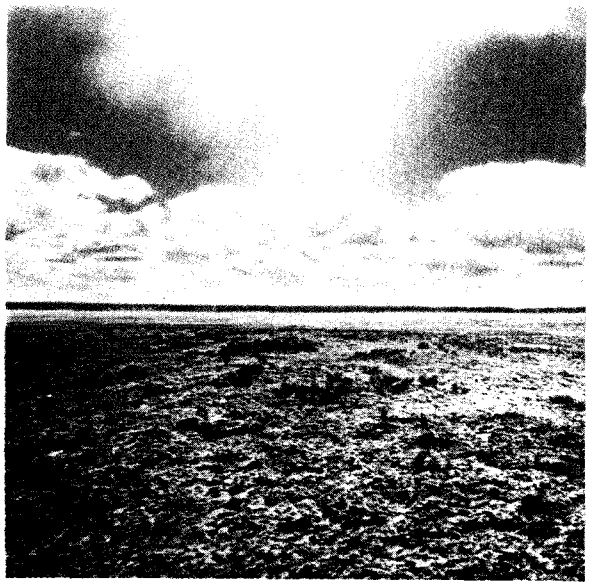

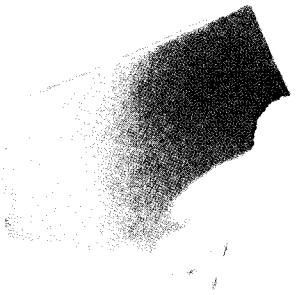

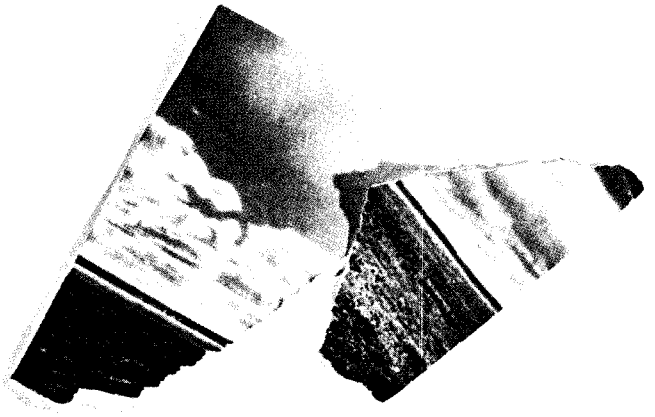

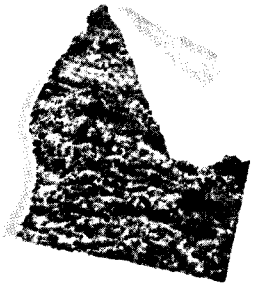

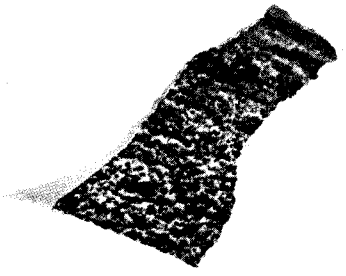

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replies, "He certainly has a lot to say"). So kids of from four to eight will learn such words. Maybe.

✓ MR. TICKLE. MR. SILLY. MR. TOPSY-TURVY. MR. BUMP. All four written and illustrated by Roger Hargreaves (Grosset & Dunlap, $1.00 each). Boldly illustrated in bright colors, these little charmers are the stories of a man who tickled people, another who did silly things, another who wore his shoes on his head, and a fourth who was a real smash-'em-up. English, as shewn by some of the words and the drawing of the postbox.

THE GORILLA DID IT, by Barbara Shook Hazen, illustrated by Ray Cruz (Atheneum, $5.95). An imaginary ape interrupts the boy's nap, and together they make a wreck of his room, to his mother's annoyance. She can hardly believe him when he lays the blame on a gorilla she can't see. I don't blame her. Mr. Cruz sure can draw gorillas.

PIPPIN AND ROBBER GRUMBLECROAK'S BIG BABY, written and illustrated by Margriet Heymans (Addison-Wesley, $4.95). Curious, here's a tale in which a boy steals a boat and gets no retribution. Miss Heymans, a Dutch woman, draws nicely and tells a reasonably interesting story, but the morality is on the slim side.

THE CAT AND THE MOUSE WHO SHARED A HOUSE, written and illustrated by Ruth Hürlimann (Walck, $6.95). A Grimm story about a cat and a mouse who are ostensibly friendly, but the cat, as cats will, steals their mutually owned crock of butter and then eats up the poor mouse. Grim, indeed. I suppose you could call the lavish color illustrations "handsome." But $6.95!

✓ FIREROSE, written and illustrated by Susan Jeschke (Holt, $4.95). Zora is a fortune-teller who much resembles many ladies at checkout counters of low-class supermarkets. A baby is left on her doorstep—she is perfect except she has a tail and breathes fire. A dragon, yet. A lovingly illustrated story of how she turns it into a real child.

THE MYSTERY OF THE MISSING RED MITTEN, written and illustrated by Steven Kellog (Dial, $3.95). A tiny tale of a little girl and her pup searching in the snow for her left mitten. High-spirited. For the very young.

(Continued on next page.)

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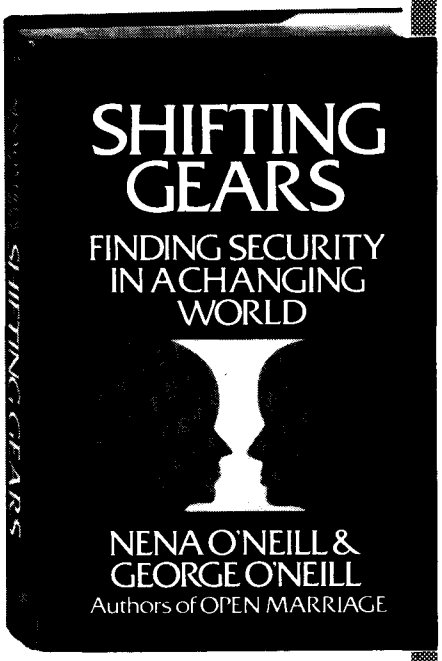

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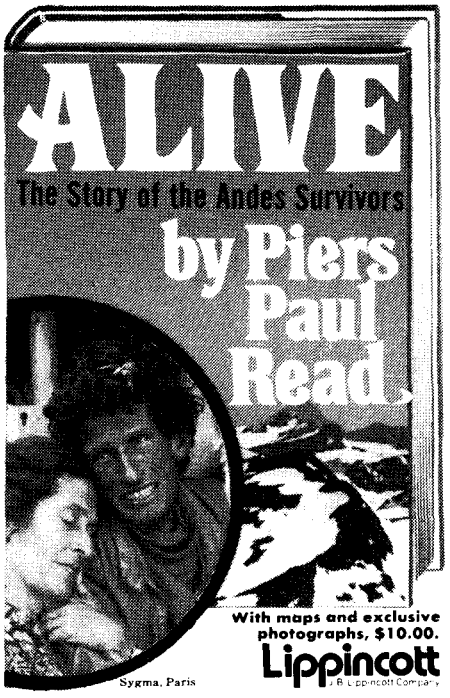

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(Continued from page 45.)

RUN, LITTLE MONKEYS, RUN, RUN, RUN!, written and illustrated by Juliet Kepes (Pantheon, $4.95). Handsome, flat colors tell the tale of three monkeys pursued by three hungry leopards. The monkeys outwit. The very young can follow and appreciate.

A BOOK OF SORCERERS AND SPELLS, by Ruth Manning-Sanders, illustrated by Robin Jacques (Dutton, $4.95). The author, an authority on folktales, tells a dozen from different countries. You know the kind of thing: Girl snips the long, matted hair from a tiny old man, and he becomes a glorious young one. The illustrations are the kind that make you want to read the stories, which, after all, is what they're for.

TORTOISE TALES, by Ruth Manning-Sanders, illustrated by Donald Chaffin (Nelson, $4.95). Obviously of English origin (we'd say "Turtle Tales"), these folktales of hardbacks, hares, foxes, hens, are shades of Uncle Remus. Mostly text.

BUBBLEBATH!, by Fran Manushkin, illustrated by Ronald Himler (Harper, $4.50). Two little sisters, dirty, take a bubble-bath together, making a terrible mess. Finished, they proceed to an outdoor pump, where, quite obviously, they'll get just as dirty again. For the youngest.

✓ ARROW TO THE SUN, written and illustrated by Gerald McDermott (Viking, $6.50). A Pueblo Indian tale, where the boy, to prove himself, has to face lions, snakes, bees, and lightning—to put it most simply. You're paying for some of the most gorgeous colors ever put in a children's book—the colors of the Southwest, with shades of orange and yellow predominating. This could win prizes.

THE LITTLE OLD WOMAN WHO USED HER HEAD AND OTHER STORIES, by Hope Newell, illustrated by Margaret Ruse and Anne Merriman Peck (Nelson, $4.25). You get a lot of amusing reading from this reissue of a minor classic about an eccentric old woman who, for example, bottles her jellies in catsup bottles only to find that she can't get the jelly out. So she puts them on a window shelf and enjoys the sun shining through them. Charming.

FUNNY BAGS, written and illustrated by Betsy Pflug (Lippincott, $4.95). Now, just in time for the paper-bag shortage,

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comes a whole book about how to convert them into puppets, hats, costumes, gift wraps. I'm sorry to report that an earlier book by the same author is titled *Egg-Speriment*.

SEE WHAT I CAUGHT!, by Ann Thomas Piecewicz, illustrated by Perf Coxeter (Prentice-Hall, $4.95). A nice idea, nicely done. How to catch turtles, salamanders, fireflies, frogs, crickets, and other innocents, and keep them in cages. The author recommends that they be returned in the fall to the places where they were caught. How to make an insect net, a "critter carrier," and a basic cage. Speaking of catching things, there's an ominous note about turtles: "*Never* kiss him or hold him near your face. Some turtles have a disease that they could give to people. It's caused by a bacteria called salmonella." Keep cool, Mom!

CIRCUS, by Jack Prelutsky, illustrated by Arnold Lobel (Macmillan, $5.95). The author is one of the very few who can write accomplished and funny verse for children, and here he gives us a dozen or so poems in varying meters about animals and folks under the big top. A high diver:

With perfect poise, the diver plunges
into the bathtub stuffed with sponges.
She lands! The sponges slish and slosh.
What a peculiar way to wash.

CLEMENTINE, written and illustrated by Robert Quackenbush (Lippincott, $4.95). You can't read this without finding yourself humming the famous song of 1849. Mr. Q., a great reviver of American folksongs via his books, brings new lyrics (with a happy ending) that are quite in keeping with the old ones. The music is there, and four pages of information on panning for gold.

THE GOLLYWHOPPER EGG, written and illustrated by Anne Rockwell (Macmillan, $4.50). I'm skeptical about the morality of a peddler selling a coconut to a farmer and telling him it's a gollywhopper egg and will hatch into a useful and enriching bird. It doesn't, of course, and everybody's unhappy, including me. Bright pictures.

KONGO AND KUMBA, by Alice Schick, illustrated by Joseph Cellini (Dial, $4.95). Contrasts the lives of two gorillas—one born in Chicago's Lincoln Park Zoo and the other born in Central Africa. Lots of information about the beasts. The author, I note, was a foster mother in the zoo's "Adopt an Ape" program.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS ABOUT HORSES, by Millicent E. Selsam, illustrated by Robert J. Lee (Four Winds, $4.95). I never knew there were sixty different kinds of horses; I thought a horse was a horse. And the difference between a neigh and a whinny? All here,

"The publishing event of 1974"

—Psychology Today

THE
Freud/Jung
LETTERS

The Correspondence between Sigmund Freud and C. G. Jung

Edited by WILLIAM McGUIRE
Translated by RALPH MANHEIM and R. F. C. HULL

In April 1906, Sigmund Freud wrote a brief note to C. G. Jung, initiating a correspondence that was to record the rise and fall of the close relationship between the founder of psychoanalysis and his chosen heir. This correspondence is now available for the first time, complete except for a few missing letters apparently lost long ago. "Read sequentially, the letters convey the inexorable quality of tragic drama." — Edward F. Edinger, M.D., *Library Journal*

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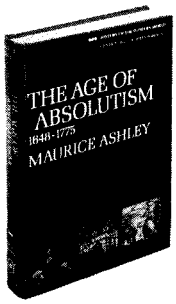

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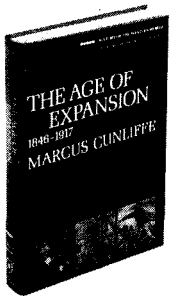

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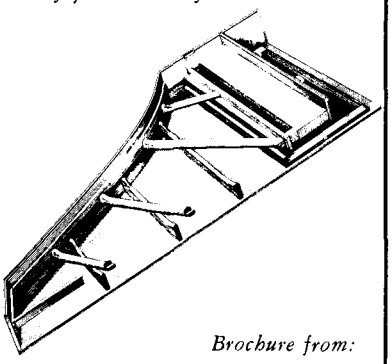

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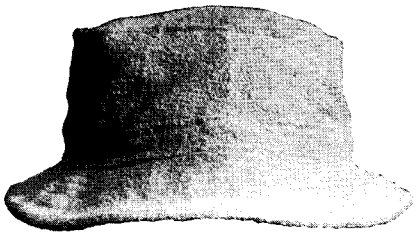

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with handsome and informative watercolors.

LET'S CATCH A FISH, written and illustrated by Jack Stokes (Walck, $5.95). It's a personal prejudice, but the sight of the fish-hook, the doomed beetle, and the hook in the fish's mouth, make me exclaim, "Ugh!" But children fish, and this will tell them useful things. For no kid of mine.

FREE TO BE . . . YOU AND ME, by Marlo Thomas and others (McGraw-Hill, hardback $7.95, paper $4.95). This joint effort of a bunch of actors, songwriters, and writers in general began as a record, then became a TV show, and now is a book; proceeds to go to the Ms. Foundation, Inc. Well, I saw the show, and I must say that song lyrics work better as song lyrics than as poems. The art is only so-so. Shel Silverstein's two contributions are very funny. The boy-meets-girl dialogue of two newborn babies was much funnier on TV with puppets, instead of the photographed babies in the book. If you *loved* the record and the show, you'll like the book.

CRAZY BROBOBALOU, by Jan Wahl, illustrated by Paula Winter (Putnam, $4.69). Loosely and delightfully written, and amusingly illustrated (my little boy laughed out loud at the drawing of the just-born Brobobalou), this is the tale of an extremely ugly young fellow—huge nose, giant ears—who falls in love with a princess, beautiful but a dum-dum. He's very bright, and when she falls back in love with *him*, she suddenly becomes quite intelligent. Moral is that beauty is in the eye of the . . . but wait a minute, the good witch is beautiful and the bad witch is ugly. Anyhow, it works. The weird price has to do with the book coming in a "library binding" only. Don't ask me to explain.

MAGIC TALES AND MAGIC TRICKS, written and illustrated by William Wiesner (Scribner's, $4.95). Everything from kidding around with four matches to sawing a woman in half (you can do it in your own living room). Wiesner is a funny fellow, and the three folktales are pleasingly wry.

TOM THUMB, written and illustrated by William Wiesner (Walck, $4.95). Two episodes about the diminutive chap, taken from Grimm. Tom rids himself of some robbers and endears himself to the king.

(Continued on page 50.)

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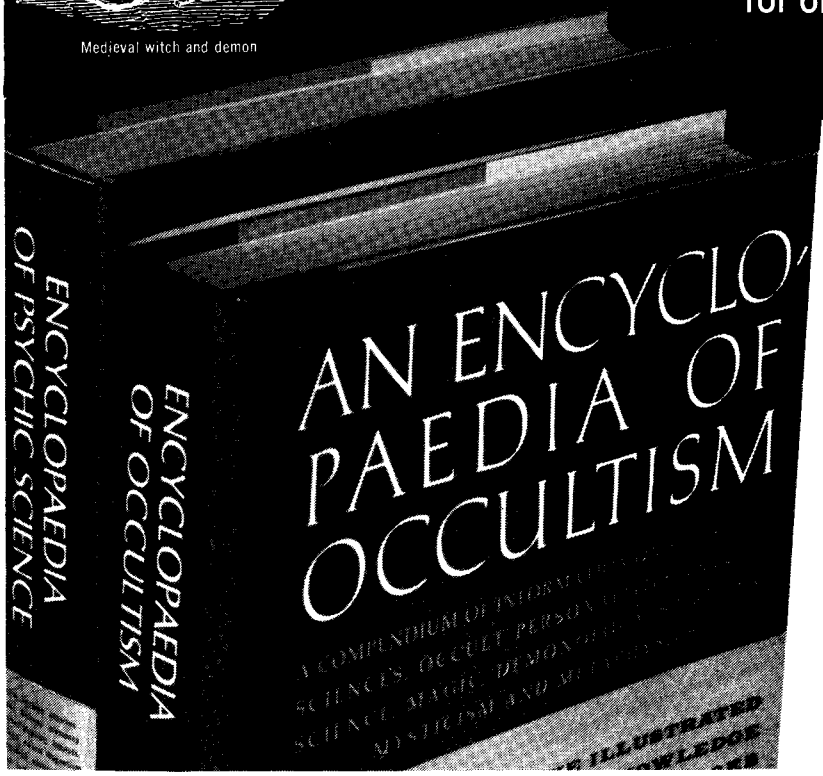

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A Lay Brother protects magician from the Devil (13th cent. MS, Paris)

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(Continued from page 48.)

Paperbacks

Many publishers are delving into their backlists for paperback titles that, when published, will turn to gold. And why not? They're a break for the consumer, who gets just as re-readable a book for a third the hardback price. Here are a half-dozen recent ones I like:

OLD MACDONALD HAD AN APARTMENT HOUSE, by Judith Barrett, illustrated by Ron Barrett (Aladdin/Atheneum, $1.25). Funny, funny story about a super who grows vegetables in vacated apartments, finally forcing all the tenants out: carrots growing down through the ceiling like stalactites, cows munching hay from bathtubs. The landlord, Mr. Wrental, finds out, blows up, then decides to convert the house into a market.

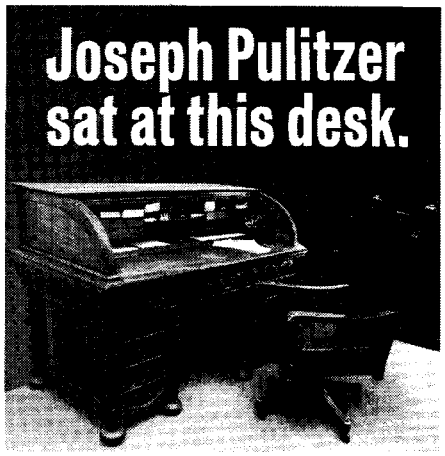
MICHAEL BOND'S BOOK OF BEARS (Puffin, $1.95). The creator of *Paddington Bear* brings us an anthology of nothing but bears: Milne, Aesop, Belloc, Tolstoy, Betjeman, plus folktales, true accounts, a comic strip, photographs.

A DOG'S BOOK OF BUGS, by Elizabeth Griffen, illustrated by Peter Parnall (Aladdin/Atheneum, $1.25). Delicate line drawings of a big shaggy dog's reactions to various insects. Good humored and instructive.

FISH IS FISH, written and illustrated by Leo Lionni (Pinwheel/Pantheon, 95¢). A minnow and a tadpole were great friends, but came the time when the tadpole did the frog thing, and off he hopped. When he came back, his descriptions of the land fascinated the fish, who leapt to shore. But friend frog pushed him back in. Lovely soft colors.

POTATO TALK, by Ennis Rees, illustrated by Stan Mack (Pinwheel/Pantheon, 95¢). Inanimate objects start talking, mostly objecting to how they're treated, which frightens various rustics. Extremely funny drawings, nicely turned rhyme.

THE LITTLE RED LIGHTHOUSE AND THE GREAT GRAY BRIDGE, by Hildegarde H. Swift, illustrated by Lynd Ward (Voyager/Harcourt, $1.45). Old-fashioned story of the lighthouse on the Hudson who thinks he's hot stuff, until the George Washington Bridge, with a big beacon on top, gets built over him. But he comes through. Vibrant pictures. □



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Gasoline Point Blues

TRAINWHISTLE GUITAR
by Albert Murray
McGraw-Hill, 183 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by Vivian Mercier

If the likes of this dialect novel-autobiography came out of my own background, I'd be inclined to dismiss it as a bit too "faix and begorra" or "stage-Irish," so I can't help wondering whether a young black activist mightn't spurn it as an updated version of Uncle Tomism. Yet for me, who have never been in the Deep South, these chapters—more like a chain of short stories about the same characters than like a novel—hold a strong fascination. Just as many Americans have a hankering for the folk music and folklore of an Ireland that they have never seen and wouldn't recognize if they did see it in reality, so many Irish people of my generation grew up familiar with some white man's version of American Negro folkways: Mark Twain's, Joel Chandler Harris's, or Stephen Foster's.

Somewhat more authentic were the recordings of Paul Robeson, to which my family was addicted, in the same way that Alfred Kazin's family adored Caruso's recordings and might well have become fans of John McCormack. On the whole, Robeson was probably closer to genuine Negro work songs and spirituals than McCormack was to the Gaelic folk heritage.

Around 1934, however, I discovered a strange, fierce music that I wasn't at first sure I liked. I heard it in a classroom at the Irish Episcopalian boarding school that had educated Oscar Wilde and Samuel Beckett. During free hours in the afternoons and evenings, two Anglo-Irishmen used to play Ellington and Armstrong records on a wind-up portable phonograph and expound to me the poignant beauty of the blues. By my last year at Portora, 1935–6, I had become a convert. Though no more an authority on the blues than on the dialect of Albert Murray's Gasoline Point, near Mobile, Alabama, in reading his book I return to a familiar country of the mind. After all, I've been listening to the melodies of Armstrong's trumpet and the rhythms of his Louisiana speech for forty years.

Not that *Trainwhistle Guitar* is only about the blues, though one chapter is devoted to Luzana Cholly, "a twelve-string guitar player second to none, including Leadbelly," another to Stagolee Dupas—"the kind of music he used to play on the piano, church folks used to call it the low-down dirty blues even when it was not"—and a third mainly to the women who irked those same church folks by singing the blues early Monday morning:

> Because . . . the reason you were not supposed to wake up with the blues was simple enough: Once you were converted from the ways of sinfulness to the truth of the light you were supposed to have acquired soul salvation . . . not only from the fiery furnaces of the red Devil himself, but also from his ever busy imps the plain old everyday blue devils. . . .

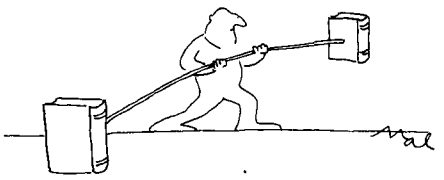
Like any other *bildungsroman*, however, *Trainwhistle Guitar* is mainly concerned with education: Scooter, its protagonist, does well in school, but he learns much from the blues players and singers, much from his Huckleberry Finn-like pal, Little Buddy Marshall, and even more from the overheard conversation of his elders, which passes on the values of the culture, religious teaching, and pragmatic warnings—all mingled. Murray's black society knows little or nothing of the "not-in-front-of-the-children" prudery under which I suffered while growing up. Down at the barbershop, "they were only pretending that they had forgotten that you were there listening because somebody had decided that it was time for you to start hearing about something like that." White women, for instance: "Because just remember when they start looking at you they can holler rape if you don't and if you do you can be damn sure that's what they going holler if you get caught. And they'll know she lying and come after you just the same." Not that Murray's blacks seem intimidated: In the post–World War I era they feel that any black from Jack Johnson, the prizefighter, on down is a match for any peckerwood, given half a chance. Stagolee Dupas kills a deputy sheriff with impunity, and other folk heroes are believed to have done as much.

Overheard talk at wakes teaches attitudes toward death, even violent death, but attitudes toward sex are more a matter of learning by doing. Scooter's sentimental education is taken in hand by cinnamon-brown and honey-brown and "yaller" girls, who are usually a couple of years older than he is, with a teasing regard for his budding virility.

THE MOST ABIDING IMPRESSION left by this book, however, is not of its content but of its form. Everywhere one finds that joy in language for its own sake which is so prominent in all oral cultures—for the black culture of Gasoline Point is oral, even if many blacks there are pretty literate in the white culture they acquire at school. Similarly, in eighteenth-century and nineteenth-century Ireland, Gaelic culture was oral, while literacy was almost exclusively confined to the English language. The qualities that the English associate with Irish speech—humor, wit, eloquence, poetry, bragging, and challenging—are found in black speech, too. We learn from Murray about tall tales and "playing the dozens" and "signifying" and other types of verbal play. At times his own style is so strutting and yet so songful that one wonders whether Murray has been reading *Finnegans Wake*. At other times Murray just records the conversation he heard, so shrewd, though ill informed, that one can't tell just where the unconscious humor ends and the conscious satire begins:

> It just do you good to hear that kind of talk.
> Whitefolks need to hear some talk like that.
> The whitefolks the very one said all that, Jeff!
> What kind of whitefolks talking like that?
> Histry-book whitefolks.
> What kind of histry-book whitefolks?
> Whitefolks in that same book that child reading.
> I ain't never heard no whitefolks believing nothing like that in all of my born days.
> Whitefolks printed that book, didn't they?
> I don't care who printed that book, that's *freedom* talk.

Such conversations sound a little like the cross-talk of Christy's Minstrels, more blackface than black; yet illiterate and semi-literate talkers *do* have a sense of their audience, denied to us overliterates, that can often sound stagey. Perhaps my hypothetical black activist would laugh his fool head off at *Trainwhistle Guitar* if he could only be sure no peckerwoods were eavesdropping. □



Vivian Mercier is the author of The Irish Comic Tradition. *He has just taken part in the first complete public reading of Joyce's* Finnegans Wake *at the University of Colorado, Boulder.*

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Books in Brief

THE DIARY OF ANAÏS NIN, VOLUME V, 1947–1955
by Anaïs Nin
Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 275 pp., $7.95

In forty years Anaïs Nin has produced five novels, several short stories, and a prose poem, all arguing the case for the reality, indeed the primacy, of the inner, emotional life. But the writings that most urgently convey her own exultations and illusions are those secreted in the detailed, near-legendary diary she has kept since the age of nine. The first volume of these intensely feminine, deeply serious revelations covers the years 1931–1934, when Miss Nin lived the bohemian life in Paris and was the friend and student of Henry Miller and Dr. Otto Rank. Published in 1966, it was quickly followed by three other self-contained yet contiguous notebooks. This fifth volume is about the relatively uneventful years 1947–1955, in which Miss Nin seeks renewal in the sensual vitality of Mexico, finds serenity and a home in California, travels to New York and Paris. She writes, lectures, visits with friends—and suffers the loss of both parents.

Throughout, her prose quivers with nervous aliveness as she energetically argues for art and humanity, and displays her unfailing, sometimes unnerving, faith in the Freudian system, emotion, and instinct. Possessed of an acute sensory awareness and a startling intuition, she evidences her vivid writing ability in the quick sketch, the overtone, the nuance. Yet her egoism dominates all, driving her energies inward, until they erupt, transformed into self-idealizations and self-justifications.

Miss Nin withholds nothing, for she is determined to lay bare her own consciousness, tracing the patterns of its deliberate, involuted search for itself. Inevitably, the contours of that private world take on the texture of her own neurosis. Visions of dreams and demons flash through these pages, illuminating her long-suffered strangulation by anxieties, defeats, and sorrows.

In her diary Anaïs Nin has created a retreat—a place, as she says, "to re-create myself when destroyed by living." In the process she has tried to elevate self-contemplation to a high art. But surely only the self-absorbed will be fascinated by this solipsistic quest for healing and wholeness, for they will see themselves in the mirror Miss Nin has held to her soul. And the disenchanted will recognize it as the tiresome work of a querulous bore who cultivates neurosis in hopes of achieving self-realization.

SUSAN HEATH

•

THE WANDERERS
by Richard Price
Houghton Mifflin, 239 pp., $5.95

Richard Price, with a raunchy humor that smarts from the slap of reality, writes of growing up Italian in the Bronx during the early Sixties. He focuses on a teenage gang called the Wanderers as they skirmish through playgrounds, candy stores, and deserted lots during their last year together.

It's a snappily paced novel that beats with the rhythm of street patter. And the sewer-mouthed boys who spit it out are characterized with deftness and economy. There's Richie Gennaro, Joey Capra, Eugene Caputo, Buddy Borsalino, and Perry LaGuardia—and they're forever wriggling and writhing in the first splashes of sexuality, grappling with rival gangs, scrapping with their long-suffering parents. But they always find time to pause and strike their studied poses of coolness and being seventeen and hip.

Inevitably, the Wanderers prove they are cool and hip by pelting each other with half-affectionate, wholly crude insults—especially those putting down their buddies' mothers (something catchy, like, "Your mother's got a mattress on her back for curbside service"). And they back up these ritualistic insults with jeering dares and ruthless adolescent pranks played for high stakes—until their search for that delicious sense of terror explodes in their faces.

Though *The Wanderers* reeks of ghetto life, it is not just another first novel about the slums. It is, rather, a story about nothing less than the universal drama: growing up, getting laid, learning to cry "I am." Movie rights have already been gobbled up, and if the filmmakers can capture the finger-snapping street rhythms that Richard Price has evoked so well, they've got themselves a gamy piece of action.

S.H.

A DARKENING GREEN: NOTES FROM THE SILENT GENERATION
by Peter S. Prescott
Coward, McCann & Geoghegan, 222 pp., $6.95

In his latest book, *A Darkening Green: Notes From the Silent Generation*, Peter S. Prescott, a book critic at *Newsweek* magazine, chronicles his freshman year at college. Using excerpts from a journal he kept at the time, stitched together with a blend of well-drawn anecdotes, effective character sketches, and narrative commentary, Prescott has produced a resonant and engaging account of his sojourn through the Harvard of 1953.

The book is both a rendering of Prescott's own first intimations of adulthood and a highlight of the extent to which academic life in general has changed over the past twenty years. As Prescott relates it, 1953 was a year in which Harvard undergraduates were largely self-absorbed, in which they drank too much and had periodic crises, worried obsessively about girls and sex, were preoccupied with grades, status, or simply "style," paid lip service to their course work and then maundered about the fact that they were squandering their chances at education and were, essentially, oblivious to the "real world" that existed somewhere beyond the sheltered precincts of Harvard Yard. Still, Prescott himself, and most of his classmates, seemed to accept without question the legitimacy of the education they were being offered and at least some portion of their academic responsibilities as well.

The waves of political awakening that swept American campuses during the Sixties suddenly cast this elementary article of faith (like so much else) under suspicion and so helped to undermine the principles on which the integrity of Harvard 1953 had rested. Yet countless numbers of Sixties students subsequently learned to their pain that four years on the barricades did not yield much of anything worthwhile, especially any sort of marketable, or even personally enriching, intelligence. Peter Prescott's own attitude on these matters seems, finally, somewhat ambivalent. But his misgivings aside, he, at least, emerged from his freshman year with a future.

JANE LARKIN CRAIN

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World Environment Newsletter

PREPARED BY PHILIP W. QUIGG FOR THE INTERNATIONAL INSTITUTE FOR ENVIRONMENT AND DEVELOPMENT
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Global Report

San Juan—There are about thirty-five million dogs in the United States, and in New York City alone dogs produce 150 tons of feces every day. Animal-control programs (just getting strays off the streets and disposed of) are estimated to cost American cities five hundred million dollars a year, and municipalities, which have to kill at least 12 percent of the total dog population every year, are getting increasingly fed up. At its annual convention here, the National League of Cities passed a policy statement that said in part:

"Dog and cat overpopulation in urban areas is now recognized as a threat to health as well as an assault on urban aesthetics, a pollutant, and a safety hazard. It also represents a major city expenditure. Citizens and governments must be made aware of the seriousness of the problem."

The league's usually bland magazine, *Nation's Cities,* accused the multi-billion-dollar pet-food industry of promoting irresponsible dog ownership much the way the cigarette industry has promoted excessive smoking.

Flensburg, West Germany—What may be the world's largest composter—sufficient to process and purify the refuse, garbage, and sewage sludge of a community of 300,000 people—has been constructed here near the Danish border. The biological treatment produces not only a high-grade hygienic compost but also chemical fibers that can be used for building materials. Whatever is not marketable can be dumped without harm to the environment.

The highly integrated and automated process has a daily capacity of 400 tons. Fermentation takes place in two rotating drums, or digesters, about 130 feet in length and 12 feet in diameter. Controlled air and temperature of about 140°F. speed the natural processes by which micro-organisms break down the mixture into a compost that can reduce the need for chemical fertilizers by 70 percent.

Paris—Indictments against executives of eleven oil companies, both public and private, have been handed down by the Ministry of Economics and Finance. The executives are accused of price fixing and of collusion to drive an independent distributor out of business. Further indictments are expected.

In France, relations between the government and the oil companies are even closer than in the United States. Ostensibly, the state has a monopoly on the importation of crude oil, but it delegates specified refining companies to do the job. It then regulates the oil companies by periodic "protocols," which seek to promote official government oil policy and at the same time enhance private competition. The two objectives are not always compatible.

Tunis—Tunisia is the first country in the developing world, apart from China, to legalize abortion on demand. The National Assembly has ratified a new law that permits termination of pregnancy during the first three months for whatever reason. After that period abortions may also be performed if the physical or mental health of the mother needs to be protected or if there is believed to be a genetic defect or damage to the fetus. Abortions must be carried out in a hospital or licensed clinic by a physician.

Seattle—Very few environmental issues in the United States have generated more passion than the question of reverting to the use of DDT in order to control the tussock moth in the forests of the Northwest. After several years of severe infestation, extensive hearings, and no little soul-searching, EPA administrator Russell Train announced here that aerial spraying would be permitted this spring—with conditions.

The U.S. Forest Service is authorized to apply DDT to about six hundred fifty

THE IMPROBABLE ROAD TO ENERGY SELF-SUFFICIENCY

The adjoining table indicates how the Federal Energy Office (FEO) hopes to fulfill the objective of President Nixon's Project Independence—the attainment of self-sufficiency in energy by 1980. It seems unlikely that anyone honestly believes these annual targets can be achieved, with the possible exception of coal.

The schedule requires a thirteenfold increase in nuclear energy, an expansion of coal production from 600 to 960 million tons a year, and a 30 percent rise in oil production. Overall, the domestic energy supply would have to grow at the rate of 4.7 percent annually, while increase in demand would be held to 2 percent, compared with 4.8 percent last year, when shortages, soaring prices, and conservation efforts were already with us. It is significant that even by 1985, the FEO sees no measurable role for wind or solar energy in easing the shortage.

All Figures in Millions of Barrels per Day of Oil Equivalent

	1973	1974	1975	1976	1977	1978	1979	**1980**	1985
Oil	**10.9**	11.1	11.3	11.6	12.0	12.5	13.0	**14.0**	15.3
Shale	**—**	—	—	—	—	.1	.3	**.5**	1.5
Natural Gas	**11.2**	11.2	11.3	11.5	11.8	12.0	12.8	**13.2**	15.0
Coal	**6.9**	7.4	7.9	8.4	9.0	9.6	10.3	**11.0**	12.1
Hydro	**1.4**	1.4	1.4	1.4	1.4	1.5	1.5	**1.5**	1.6
Nuclear	**.1**	.2	.4	.4	.6	.8	.9	**1.3**	2.6
Geothermal	**—**	—	—	—	—	.1	.3	**.6**	1.0
Total Supply	**30.5**	31.3	32.3	33.3	34.8	36.6	39.1	**42.1**	**49.6***
Demand @ 2 percent	**36.6**	37.3	38.0	38.8	39.6	40.4	41.2	**42.1**	46.5
Net Imports Needed	**6.1**	6.0	5.7	5.5	4.8	3.8	2.1	**0**	—3.1

**Table is taken from a paper prepared by FEO. This column actually adds up to 49.1.*

A Brookings economist estimates that achievement of the 1985 goals set forth here would cost industry $750 billion.

In one respect, however, these figures may be more realistic than those submitted to the President last December by Dr. Dixie Lee Ray, chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission. She forecast that the United States could become self-sufficient in 1980 by finding between 5 and 7 million barrels per day of oil equivalent—or about half the FEO's estimate.

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thousand acres in Oregon, Washington, and Idaho if, after the eggs have hatched this coming month, the service "determines that an actual emergency exists which will not be controlled naturally." EPA spelled out ground rules for use of the pesticide, including maintenance of an unsprayed buffer strip of at least 200 feet along live streams and waterways. EPA also ordered the Department of Agriculture to get cracking on finding alternatives to DDT and to report by December 1.

The tussock moth does its damage in its caterpillar stage, eating the needles of the Douglas and other fir trees. Defoliation and even tree mortality has unquestionably been severe, causing not only hardship (the Colville Indian Reservation depends upon forestry for 95 percent of its tribal income) but also greater danger of forest fires. Nevertheless, most environmental organizations are incensed by EPA's decision.

The EPA had hoped—and most environmentalists still insist—that the infestation was cyclical and would collapse without chemical control as a result of a naturally occurring virus.

Temporary exemptions from the ban on DDT are more frequent than is generally realized, though the amounts involved may be smaller than the 245 tons approved for the tussock moth. In the same week in which EPA announced the waiver here, it also approved use of DDT to control the pea leaf weevil in the states of Washington and Idaho.

A Breakthrough in Solar Energy for the Home?

Most solar heating and cooling systems—even those now under construction—collect the sun's radiation through flat panels. Although the surfaces are treated to capture more heat than escapes, the fact remains that for every square foot of surface that collects solar energy, one square foot loses energy by radiation, convection, and conduction to the environment. This is one reason why most solar-heating systems are expected to meet only about half the energy requirements of a house in a cold climate.

A more efficient but expensive alternative has been to concentrate solar radiation by means of a curved reflecting surface that follows the sun. The elaborate and cumbersome machinery required has made this impractical and excessively expensive for the homeowner.

Recently a team of engineers from the University of Colorado, the National Bureau of Standards, and an architectural firm in Colorado have designed a solar energy system that is said to meet *all* the heating, cooling, and electricity needs of a 3000-square-foot house. The unit consists of a spherical-dish reflector, thirty-five feet in diameter and stationary, focused on a pipe-shaped heat absorber that is programmed to follow the sun by a relatively simple and inexpensive mechanism. The heat absorber is a two-inch-diameter tube containing coils of copper-coated pipe in a glass-enclosed vacuum. For as many hours of the day as the reflector is in sunlight, more than one thousand square feet of collecting surface direct solar energy on the ten-foot-long tube. Water in the coils is heated far above the boiling point so that steam is produced to drive a small turbine for the generation of electricity—in addition to meeting the year-round requirements for hot water, space heating, and cooling. The design calls for a heat storage capacity of 10 million BTUs. And in contrast to flat-plate collectors, the area from which heat is lost is less than one-hundredth of the area that collects solar energy.

A full-scale prototype has not yet been built, but if it ultimately tests as successfully as a scale model has done, a way may have been found of using solar energy with far greater efficiency at competitive cost.

EPA by Any Other Name

The National Bureau of Standards, with four co-sponsors, is responsible for organizing a symposium this week on the conservation of natural resources. When the printed invitations went out, one of the co-sponsors prominently listed was the Environmental *Pollution* Agency.

A Recommendation for Effluent Fees and Regionalism in Pollution Control

The Committee for Economic Development, an influential body of generally liberal businessmen and public figures, leavened by a sprinkling of academics, studies major economic and social issues and periodically publishes reports bearing the names of as many of the participants as will endorse the recommendations. A CED subcommittee on improving the quality of the environment has just issued a report on "More Effective Programs for a Cleaner Environment." Two principal recommendations emerge: that air- and water-pollution control and solid-waste management should be regionalized and that effluent fees should replace regulation "where practicable."

The latter suggestion has been discussed for years, and the committee does not strengthen its case by pointing out that the effluent fee "has been used for decades in the Ruhr Valley of Germany." The report asserts, however, that regulation "tends to impose cumbersome, rigid, and uneconomic rules on public and private dischargers." The committee betrays some uncertainty as to the circumstances in which fees are "practicable," but it is categorical on one point: Where used, fees should serve in place of regulation, not in combination with it (except for "toxic discharges"). The matter is not argued, merely stated. But because the report contends that air-quality standards have been set unreasonably high, without sufficient regard for cost-benefit analysis, and because it is highly critical of the 1972 clean-water legislation, the committee's recommendation of effluent fees will not be reassuring to environmentalists. If, as the committee asserts, bureaucrats cannot effectively regulate water quality without information "available only to knowledgeable operating management," how then can they set fees that will be equitable and at the same time motivate management to reduce polluting discharges?

There is a place for effluent fees, and as the report suggests, they should be given a trial. But we believe they should be used to encourage improved standards above a floor set by regulation.

On the subject of regionalism, the committee is more convincing. It recommends that each air shed, river basin, and shoreline should have one agency responsible for planning, executing, and enforcing anti-pollution programs. Each agency would have overall supervision of federal grants and would be responsible for conducting research in its area. A similar proposal is made for solid-waste management, which often cannot be conducted efficiently within state or municipal boundaries.

Although the political problems to be overcome are formidable, the arguments for institutional structures that correspond to geography, to natural ecosystems, and to particular patterns of land use are compelling.

(The full report of ninety-six pages is available for $2.00 from the Committee for Economic Development, 477 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.)

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Manner of Speaking

by John Ciardi

Mail, Hammocks, Flat Tires, Croquet, and the World

G. C. of Riverton, California, just popped up in the mailbag with a question lightly asked but seriously taken. Amplified by seriousness, I find myself called to a definition of purpose. Let me begin by explaining how this lightly asked, seriously taken business works. Assume that it is summer, that you have been making good use of your hammock, that you have just awakened, and that you find yourself looking up into the tier on tier of foliage of the tree to which one end of your hammock is slung. Assume a day whose light and shade will do for a specimen of the Creation. Assume a genially stupid neighbor who wants to play croquet because he is no good at anything else. Assume that you don't want to play croquet.

"Whatcha doing?" the neighbor bellows casually. His words are meaningless. He thinks he can see what I am doing, and he is not asking for information. What he came to say is, "Let's play croquet!" (He loves to humiliate me among his wickets, the dog.) But he can't get to the gist of it until he has made a preliminary noise. He begins, therefore, with that "Whatcha doing?"

Or try another example. Assume that you are a sweet young thing in a linen dress and white shoes, that you drove out into the country and picked up a flat on a muddy road, that you are looking at the flat in despair, and that a local hayseed comes strolling along and says, "Have a flat?" Is he asking for information? He can see you have a flat. He is only making social noises preliminary to saying, "I'd be glad to change that tire for you." You might, of course, come down hard on that first mindless question, and answer, "No, you idiot, I'm whipping up a soufflé." Go ahead; say it. And then change your own tire. You deserve to be left stranded for your failure to understand human speech.

But these latter assumptions are for sweet young things, none of which I am. I am out to spike that wicket-wart, and he has given me my chance. "Whatcha doing?" he has asked. That's about as lightly asked as a question can be. I spike him with the heavy answer. Haven't I just been looking up through the tiers of Creation to the blue top of nothing? "I am looking at the world," I tell him.

THAT SPIKES HIM. He has croquet on his mind, and how can a man so mentally cluttered come to meaning? *You* know what you mean. Sun does. Leaves do. Sky does. You are looking at the world as it was meant to be looked at and as it never has been looked at well enough. You are a man in the cordilleras of time, and he is a stuck wicket from the dead past of everything. In fact, he just stopped existing.

That's what can happen when a question lightly asked is seriously taken. And though all this explanation requires a mess of assumptions, the very act of living takes more assumption than we are ready to recognize once we get out of the hammock and find ourselves running for the shuttle.

And so to the point at which I entered this thicket of all time's leaves, and to G. C. of Riverton. "Usually," he wrote, "I don't know what you're writing about except that it's wacky and sometimes makes a kind of wacky sense. What I want to ask is: Do *you* know what you're writing about?"

And by the sizzling hinges of the sunset, I suddenly do know. I see it. I have one theme and one theme only, and I need no other. I doubt there is another.

"Dear G. C.," I write somewhere on one of those assumed leaves over my assumed hammock. "I write as an excuse for not playing croquet. You may think that sounds a little crazy. I happen to know we are all crazy and that we all know it once we get to know ourselves half-well. If you need more time for self-study, buy (or assume) a hammock. A hammock is a genial place. If we all had one we might learn how to remain genial about our craziness. The art of keeping our insanities genial has been my one subject since I fell to columnizing." □

"I got you free for joining a book club."

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Diversions

by Leo Rosten

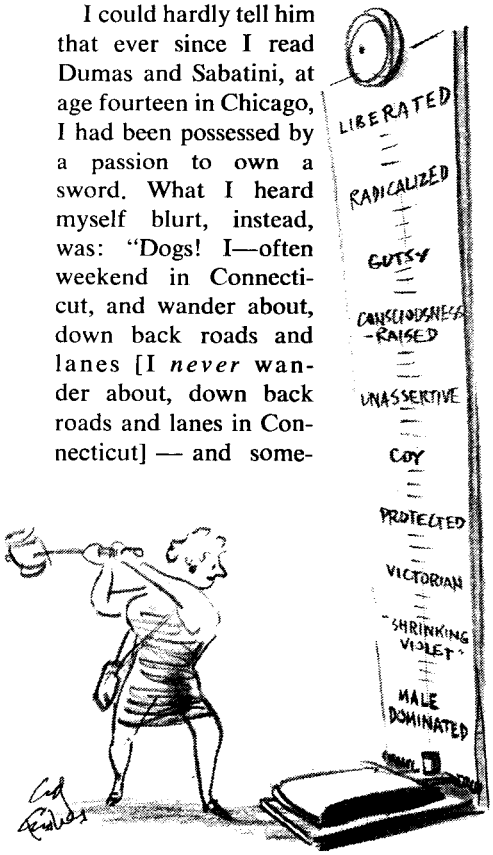
I, The Count of Monte Cristo

The most famous umbrella and walking-stick shop in the world is in Piccadilly. I have drooled into its windows a hundred times, admiring the sumptuous gold- or silver- or ivory-handled canes (the English call them "sticks"; a "cane" is what you beat a serf with), the marvelous "shooting sticks" (the handle splits down to form a seat, when you weary of bagging grouse and seek to rest on a moor), the array of tightly furled umbrellas, as splendid as a line of the Queen's Own.

One day of glory, I mustered up enough courage to enter this imposing emporium. I dawdled before a special case. One of the "clarks" approached me, smiling, remarked that each "stick" contained a sword, and asked whether he could *possibly* demonstrate one. In a fit of insanity, which customarily hides my embarrassment, I exclaimed, "*Sword*-sticks? They fascinate me!"

"And why not, sir? Remarkable craftsmanship . . . And for what purpose, if I may ask, do you wish to acquire one?"

I could hardly tell him that ever since I read Dumas and Sabatini, at age fourteen in Chicago, I had been possessed by a passion to own a sword. What I heard myself blurt, instead, was: "Dogs! I—often weekend in Connecticut, and wander about, down back roads and lanes [I *never* wander about, down back roads and lanes in Connecticut] — and sometimes—well, one is confronted by a ferocious dog . . ."



"Human or canine, sir?" (I think you will agree that that was as truly English a line as was ever uttered.) My expression must have reflected my awe. "Doesn't matter, sir," he said. "*This* beauty will manage either." He selected a stout cherry-wood stick. "Wild canines you simply whack on the snout." He drew erect. "But suppose one is taking a breath of air on a fine summer night in the country. The lane is deserted, the hedges high. Suddenly—out leaps a ruffian—drunk, perhaps, from overimbibing at the local pub. Lurking there in wait, don't you know? He leaps forth. So I—" My preceptor jabbed the sword-stick straight out, within an inch of my breast.

He waited. So did I.

"Pro*ceed*, sir!" he frowned.

"What?"

"Act the *ruf*fian, sir! *Act . . . the . . . ruf*fian! Oh, *do* grab the stick! That would be the natural thing to do, would it not, were *you* the ruffian who just leaped forth to cosh a gentleman on a lonely country lane??"

"Of course!" I grabbed the stick.

"A*ha*!" he cried and pulled back on the handle—which, since I clung to the stick, exposed a gleaming yard-long sword. "*Voilà! I* now can thrust the blade into the ruffian's side, leg, arm or *whack* him upon the head without drawing blood. In any case (you may be *quite* shaw) our reckless ruffian will be so *pet*rified by the sight of this trusty steel that he will flee for his life!"

I GULPED. He removed the cherry-wood scabbard from my frozen hands, inserted the sword, handed the bucolic weapon to me, and lowered himself into a skulk. "Now, sir, you act the gentleman. *I* shall be the lout. My cap is filthy, my eyes bloodshot, my manner most ominous . . . I lunge forward . . . you—oh, act the *gentle*man, sir! Ex*tend* your stick!"

I extended a trembling stick. With a Neanderthal grunt he grabbed it. I waited. He winced. "Pull *back*, sir! In heaven's name—"

I pulled back, exposing the shining, silvery, murderous blade.

"See?" He beamed. "Now *you* can, without the *slight*est effort, lunge forward, piercing my shoulder, my arm, a leg. You need not—," he confided, lowering his voice, "resort to the ultimate: running me through the heart."

I bought the glorious rapier. In a daze of romance and euphoria, I strode down St. James's. Not a single ruffian or lout threatened me.

In our hotel room, I practiced exhilarating thrusts and parries and *coups de main*. I persuaded my wife to act the ruffian, white as a pillowcase though she was, and more rabbit than ruffian in demeanor. I had her cowering and pleading for mercy in every corner of the premises.

For the next week I walked the streets of London in a transport of secret, newfound intrepidity. I saw myself as Scaramouche, as d'Artagnan, even as Leo the Lion-Hearted, foremost swordsman of his time, peer of Rupert of Hentzau, Douglas Fairbanks, even Errol Flynn. I positively ached for some rogue to leap out of a pub, some swine from a mews . . .

When nothing of the sort happened, I became the Count of Monte Cristo, eyes narrowed, yearning to accost my four dastardly foes. (Dredge memory though I did, I could scour up only the names of vile Danglars and despicable Ferdinand—who, I am sure you remember, betrayed Pasha Ali in 1823 during the Greek revolution.)

It was a glorious week, a week of Dumasian dreams and Sabatinian victories, even though not a single ruffian (*drat* the efficiency of Scotland Yard!) or slathering beast crossed my path . . .

IN NEW YORK, ten days later, the customs inspector scrutinized the form on which I had listed my purchases. His head jerked up, then down, then up at me. "One *sword*-cane??"

"Yes*sir*," I beamed. "Isn't it a beauty?" I lifted my precious cherry-wood stick, pulled the handle back—and he caught but one glimpse of the deadly steel before he barked: "*Oh*, no! God *damn* it! You can't bring a concealed weapon into the United States!"

My glorious saber, my precious falchion, my invincible rapier, was confiscated. You just are not allowed to bring a wood-sheathed cutlass into the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Every time I think of it, I feel grateful I wasn't clapped into irons and dispatched to the Chateau d'If. □

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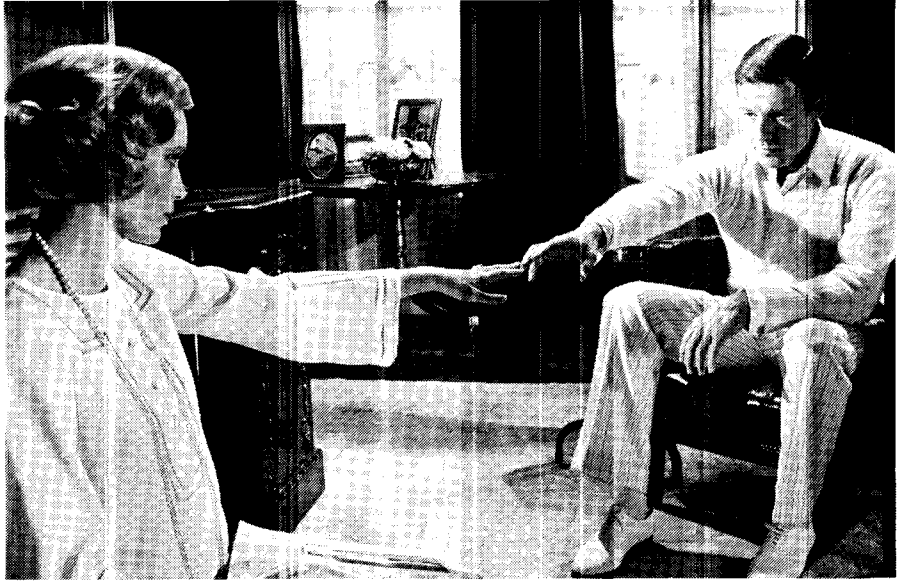
Film

The Lost Tycoon

by Hollis Alpert



Mia Farrow as Daisy and Robert Redford as Gatsby—Classic limned in close-ups.

Maybe it all started to go wrong back when, as *Time* magazine recently reported, Robert Evans, head of production for Paramount, received a cable from Mia Farrow in London, offering her services as Daisy Buchanan in *The Great Gatsby*. The film offers plentiful evidence that Miss Farrow is, at best, a small, wilted Daisy. Outfitted in flowing tulle and ruffles and silk slippers, her head encased in a blonde wig, she moves through the film languidly, a spoiled product of the rich social set of the Twenties, enunciating the Fitzgerald dialogue but leaving us coldly unmoved. So, what should have been the glowing heart of the film—the goal, the dream, of the unfortunate Jay Gatsby—turns out to be lifeless.

There's a parlor game going on—at least there was when I sat down to write this—about what might have made *Gatsby* turn out right rather than wrong. Was it casting? Would a different Daisy have made a difference? Was the esteemed Robert Redford the wrong choice for Gatsby? Or was he unable, as an actor, to mount the requisite enthusiasm for his acting partner? We seldom believe him either. He manages a few moments. One scene in particular stands out: the one in which Gatsby lunches with his neighbor, Nick Carraway (Sam Waterston), and his business connection, Wolfsheim (Howard Da Silva). Here, Fitzgerald is brought to life, the nuances are caught, and we can see why the book has maintained its hold on readers for close to fifty years, thus withstanding the test of time. But then back to what, unfortunately, strikes us as a silly romance.

Francis Ford Coppola, who wrote the screenplay (after a version by Truman Capote was discarded), has said that he wrote no love scenes between Daisy and Gatsby, remaining true to the original in this regard, for the book merely hinted at an affair. "I showed them dancing once," he said. "That was all." But the love scenes are there, prominent in huge close-ups. At one point the heads of Daisy and Gatsby are reflected shimmeringly in an indoor fish pool in the garish Gatsby mansion, and goldfish wiggle their way across the faces. Whose notion was this? No one but Coppola was credited with the writing. Did an order come from on high to the director, Jack Clayton, saying: "This picture's got to have love scenes"? Did Mr. Clayton drag them in, while dragging the film out to an unconscionable two-and-a-half-hour length? The novel reads faster. "Goldfish!" Coppola fumed. "I didn't put in goldfish."

Strangely, the texture of the film bears little resemblance to Clayton's previous work, which has tended toward almost excessive subtlety and understatement. Perhaps he, too, was a wrong choice, in that, being British, he wasn't able to capture the uniquely American Twenties flavor of the piece. Or, perhaps, with the supersell applied in advance to the project, the whole thing grew too big and imposing for him to handle. *Time* gave a figure of $6.4 million as the cost. My informed sources make it a million more than that. So, aside from the dubious value of so much largesse, where did the money go?

Into costumes, for one thing. Into huge party scenes, in which hundreds of overdressed extras pretend to be having a good time at Gatsby's expense. Into props, furnishings, and antique cars, promotion and big star salaries. But the costumes are wrong, too. Designed more for a lush, satirical musical than for realism, they add a tasteless note.

Yet, in spite of all this, one has the feeling that, for all the distortions, an attempt was made to translate appropriately an American classic to the screen. Sam Waterston, an actor more known for Shakespearian stage roles, is a perfect Nick Carraway, and when he's around the film takes on charm. Bruce Dern, as

(Continued on page 60.)

Bruce Dern, Lois Chiles, Mia Farrow, Sam Waterston, and Robert Redford in The Great Gatsby—*Huge parties and passion reflected in an indoor goldfish pool.*

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The new

Exxon is developing energy technology for this century and beyond.

Across our country Americans are coming to terms with the energy shortage. Faced with lines at service stations and limited supplies of heating oil, we have all become aware of the need for conservation.

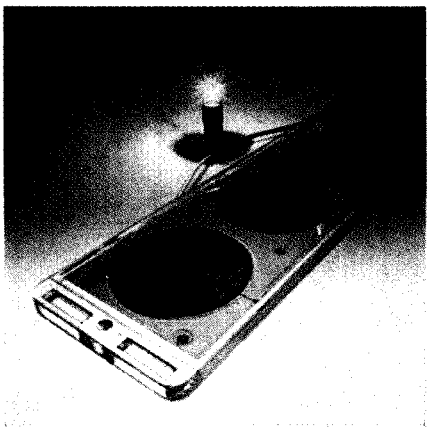
Yet, even with conservation, by the year 2000 our country will probably require three times as much energy as it does today. Fossil fuels will continue to supply an important part of that energy. But a good deal of America's future supply in this century and beyond will have to come from new technology.

Exxon is already working on this technology to develop several new sources of energy.

Energy right from the sun.

One of those sources is the ultimate source of almost all of our energy—the sun itself.

The sun's energy is enormous and widely available. It can be collected and converted to electricity by *solar cells,* like those that produced electrical power for Skylab.



This five-cell solar module absorbs sun rays, producing 1½ watts of electricity.

Solar energy in use today.

Today, as Exxon examines ways to improve its solar-cell technology, solar-cell units are already in use. In parts of Africa solar cells power instructional television. On boats, they maintain the charge in batteries. On marker buoys they supply electricity for warning lights and foghorns.

One of Exxon's research aims is to cut the present high cost of solar-cell electricty.

Super-batteries to store energy.

To efficiently use the energy generated by solar cells and other devices, we'll need super-batteries with much greater storage capacity. Batteries to store the sun's energy for use as electricity at night. Batteries to store energy that power plants produce in low-demand periods for later use when the demand for electricity is high.

Better batteries would also speed the development of electric vehicles. Exxon's target is a battery that would be light enough, reasonable enough in cost and charging demands, and powerful enough to drive a car 100 miles on a single charge from a wall outlet. This kind of battery, which still requires intensive research, could make possible a practical electric passenger car.

Electricity from chemicals.

We're also developing a *fuel cell.* Different from the solar cell, which uses the sun, a fuel cell generates electricity when certain simple gases, like hydrogen and oxygen, or a simple liquid fuel like methanol, are fed continuously into the cell.

Potentially, fuel cells are efficient sources of electricity. They could provide silent energy for mobile homes or remote vacation homes. They also might be designed as total energy systems for shopping centers or as a way for public utilities to supply additional power during high-demand periods.

Solar cells, fuel cells and improved batteries should come into greater use during the 1980's. Meanwhile, Exxon is looking for energy sources for the next century. Nuclear fusion is one possibility.

Improved lead-acid batteries make electric-powered vans practical for urban delivery. The next step--practical battery-powered cars.

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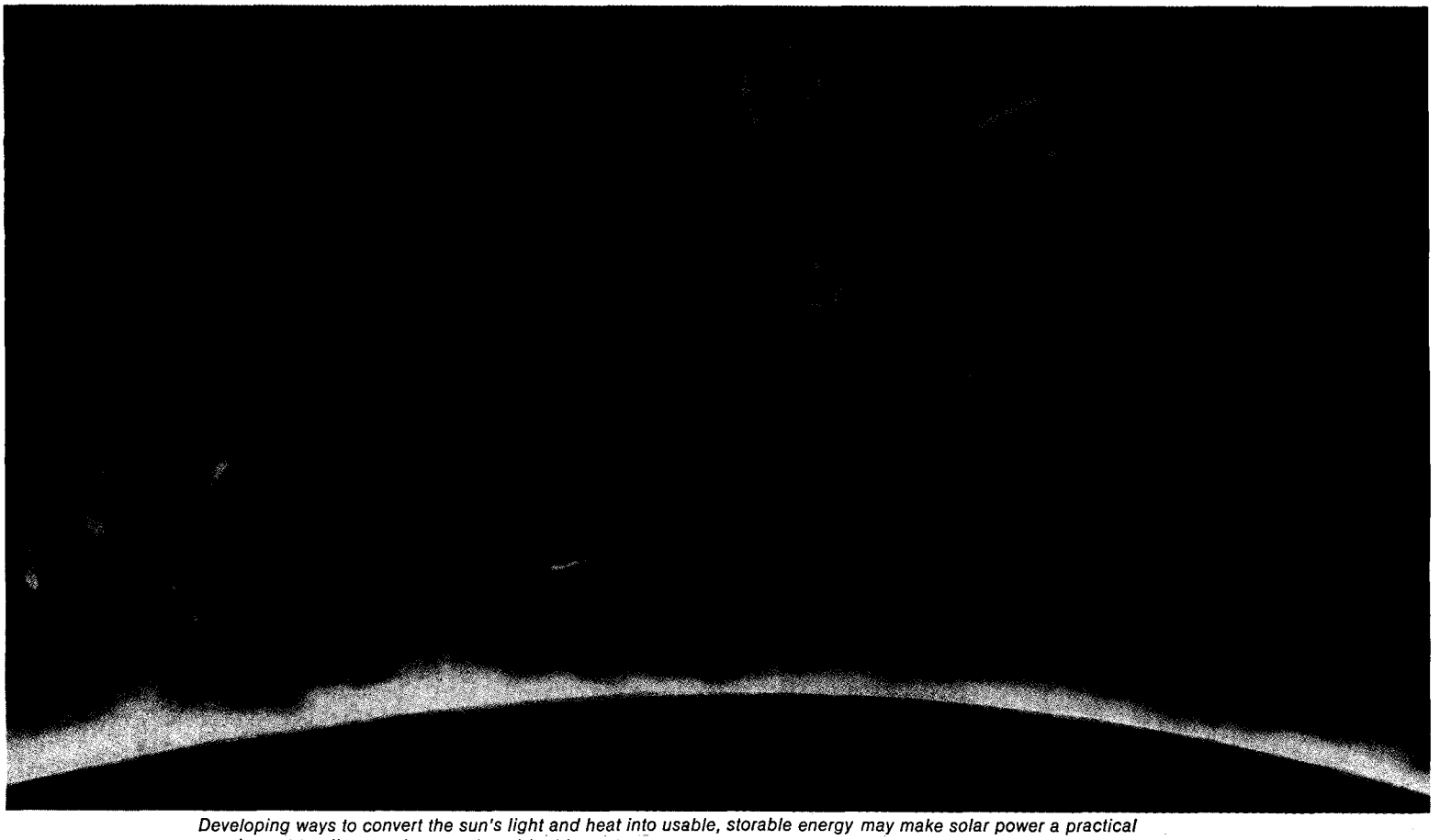
energy.



Developing ways to convert the sun's light and heat into usable, storable energy may make solar power a practical supplement to oil, natural gas and coal in this century.

Fusion reactors-a new kind of nuclear power.

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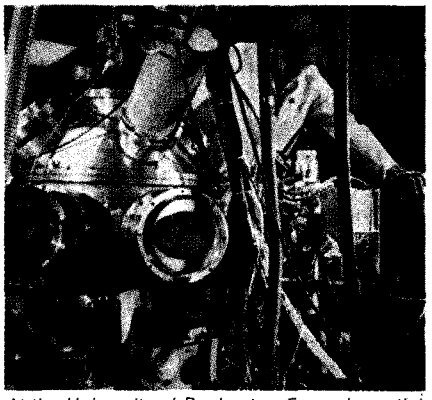
Harnessing fusion energy is one of the greatest challenges scientists have ever undertaken. However, even if our efforts or those of others are successful, commercial use of fusion reactions to produce energy is many decades away.



At the University of Rochester, Exxon is participating in a nuclear fusion project. We are attempting to simulate the action of the sun by focusing powerful laser beams on a tiny piece of matter inside this metal chamber.

We can't begin too soon.

These new energy technologies may seem far away. But if our present energy situation holds any lesson, it is that we can't begin too soon to find energy supplements to oil, natural gas and coal. That's why Exxon is already at work on the new energy technology America will need in the next century.

EXXON

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(Continued from page 57.)
the sullen Tom Buchanan, is very good, too, and Howard Da Silva adds that one remarkable moment as Wolfsheim. Lois Chiles barely emerges from the scenery as the brittle Jordan Baker, while Karen Black only slightly overdoes her scenes as the tawdry Myrtle. But Scott Wilson tearfully moons his way through the role of the betrayed garage mechanic, and since he is a first-rate actor, we might guess that he was really betrayed by his director.

OR, DID IT ALL go wrong from the very beginning, when the project was sparked by the desire of Ali McGraw to play Daisy? Hollywood, for all its convulsions over the years, is apparently still Hollywood. Miss McGraw was then the wife of Robert Evans and the golden girl of *Love Story,* an all but unaccountable bonanza for Paramount. And what Ali wanted, Evans got for her. I'm not out to emulate the gossipy Rona Barrett, but the public prints have long made it all plain. Miss McGraw decamped to another man, the project was already in the works, and Hollywood tycoons are not about to be swayed from their aims by marital contretemps. And *The Godfather* had been overwhelmingly successful, so Paramount had two huge smashes in a row, and it looked as though Evans, who had been behind both *Love Story* and *The Godfather,* had the magic touch of a Thalberg. The impulse to try for number three is understandable.

What I'm getting at, I suppose, is that *Gatsby* was made for all the wrong reasons: not to fashion an evocative, touching film that would adequately use the imaginative material that had already enthralled generations of readers, but to make a super-hit, to sell the public ahead of time on the gorgeousness of a product. The sad and bad thing about the very nature of Hollywood tycoondom is that those with the power and the control of the finances all too often assume that it is *their* talents and abilities that account for a film's success. One breaks through, and invariably they forget the dozen that they also backed and that failed. They assume the whole process can be controlled, forgetting that most of the great hits can be accounted for only as sheer accident.

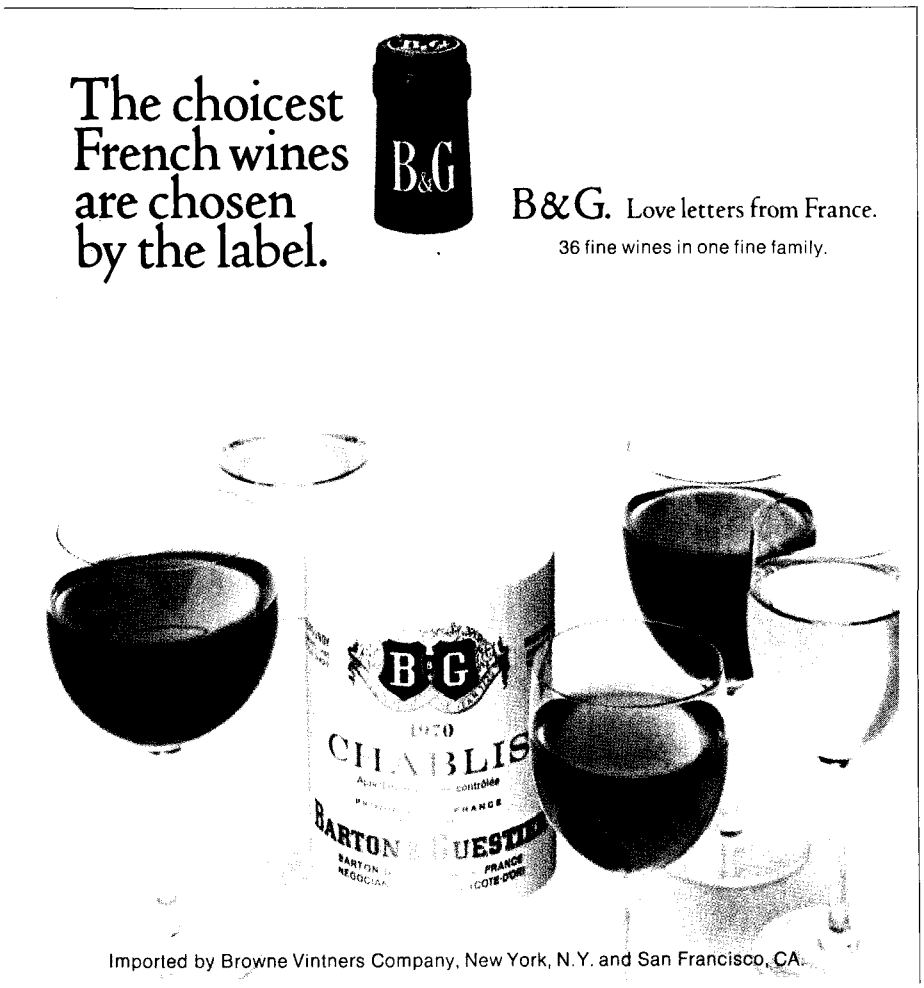
Note: *The Graduate,* before it was made, was turned down by every major company. *Easy Rider* almost didn't get made. *Love Story* was shopped around and finally plucked from a pile of scripts because Ali McGraw mentioned that she would like to play the leukemic heroine. The truth of the matter is that great popular success for a film comes after it has been made, not before. But is the lesson ever learned? No. The tycoons, like Gatsby, believe in the green light, the orgiastic future. "Tomorrow we will run faster, stretch out our arms farther. . . ."

Robert Redford is quoted as having complained, "Didn't anyone at Paramount bother to read the novel?" Apparently not very well.

FRANCIS FORD COPPOLA does considerably better for himself with his screenplay for *The Conversation,* but then he served as producer and director as well and managed to make the film as *he* saw fit. Unexpectedly, which is the way things often happen in the hazardous world of filmmaking, he received a publicity break of sorts: the hullabaloo arising over a gap on one of the presidential tapes. You'll remember that one point at issue was the reliability of the Uher 5000 tape recorder and transcriber used by the President's secretary. Three of those very machines are to be found playing a minor role of sorts in the film, which deals—another scoop—with the art, science, and consequences of electronic surveillance.

Coppola claims to have first written his screenplay in 1969, his intention having been to make a film about privacy and the invasions thereof. When making the film, a good many months ago, he had no idea the Watergate affair would take the many turns it did but simply chose the Uher machines because they were the kind of excellent equipment a highly skilled electronic specialist—as is his main character—would employ.

However, the film, while deeply concerned with furtive intrusions on the affairs of others by means of bugging, has little or nothing to do with politics. Instead, it concentrates on the eavesdropper himself, portrayed by that excellent actor Gene Hackman, whose profession, as he sees it, requires him to remain aloof from the uses that the material he obtains are put to by his employers. When he discovers that his eavesdropping may well result in some-



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one's murder, he breaks his own rules—and therein lies his eventual downfall.

I found the technical detail in *The Conversation* fascinating and rather frightening. Two people meet at lunchtime in a crowded section of San Francisco and stroll about, making sure that their guilty conversation is not being overheard by any passerby. Yet Hackman, with his assistants, is able to catch every one of their words, loud and clear, on tape. There is no mystery as to how he does it. One of the "buggers" is in the crowd, keeping reasonably close to the strolling couple. He wears a hearing aid that is actually a miniature microphone and transmitter. Another man is on a rooftop, aiming a directional mike, equipped with a telescopic sight, at the pair. A third is behind the window of a nearby house. Through electronic wizardry the three sound sources are "mixed" together and the conversation captured.

Having convinced us that the above is likely and possible, Coppola has his eavesdropper attend a sort of wiretappers' convention, at which the latest in surveillance equipment is hawked to the trade. Does a husband suspect his wife of infidelity? He has the means to listen in on her doings at home while he's away at work. Also available are myriad ways of learning a competitor's trade secrets, of discovering who has dipped into the union's welfare fund, and of hearing confessions made on an analyst's couch. Those White House "plumbers" were obviously a bunch of amateurs.

BUT ASIDE FROM the moral implications of this kind of activity, which Coppola does clearly stress, the film has a mystery to unveil. Simply as a thriller, this is inventive and unusual stuff. The clever photography aims at creating a world that is real and surreal at the same time. If there is a lack, it is on the human level. The expert eavesdropper is an isolated individual boxed in by his fears of the very technology he has helped to create. He lives alone, keeps a hidden telephone, relaxes by playing a saxophone to recorded accompaniment. He is very close to being a cipher as a personality, and this makes it difficult for us to take much interest in him. On the other hand, the unraveling of the mystery does hold attention; the film is a model of technical handling itself; the ending has its reverberating ironies. Oddly enough, Paramount, distributor of the film, has been making few noises about it. Maybe it should. □

(**Hammock:** *continued from page 20.*)

An interesting subspecies on the beach is the Furtive Reader. An example would be the behavioral scientist who buys a paperback copy of *Future Shock*, by Alvin Toffler, *Nation of Strangers*, by Vance Packard, or *Working*, by Studs Terkel. He wouldn't be caught dead reading pop-sociology on campus, but in relative privacy at the beach he can keep up with vulgarizations in his field. Also watch for the psychiatrist on the beach, sneaking a peek at his colleagues' distant analyses of U.S. Presidents, books like *The Kennedy Neurosis* or *President Nixon's Psychiatric Profile*. Only *Nixon Agonistes*, by political scientist Garry Wills, written before Watergate, has attained enough respectability to be left lying around the academic office.

Considering a major change in your life? The beach is a good place for private reading in the "new life-style" category. Last summer an unusual number of copies of *Open Marriage*, by the O'Neills, a husband-and-wife psychologist team, were given intensive study on the beach, by men and women in apparently equal numbers but seldom together. Among the books carried way up the beach this coming summer for private reading will be *Creative Divorce* and *Uncoupling—The Art of Coming Apart*. Around the point and just before you get to the nudist beach, you find a Furtive Reader with a copy of *The Joy of Sex*, fully illustrated but in paperback at $4.95.

Another beach subspecies is the Book Carrier. If someone wants to be seen with a book, where better than at the beach? You can't take Solzhenitsyn, Nabokov, or Lewis Mumford under your arm to a cocktail party, but strolling from one elite umbrella to another at Amagansett or Truro may do wonders for your literary image. Solzhenitsyn ranks number one (anyone out there who finished *August 1914*, please step forward). This subspecies is not a book reader but a carrier—as of disease, to be avoided.

The most terrifying novel on the beach the summer of '74 is bound to be *Jaws*, by Peter (third generation) Benchley, a harrowing but somehow believable yarn about a great white shark that tools up and down Long Island Sound, gobbling swimmers. If the novel is read on the beach by as many as are predicted, there will be a lot more fin-watching and nervous wading and a lot less swimming. And that means more reading. Book publishers will take their readers any way they can get them. □

OPEN MIND

discusses

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Participants include Senator Edward M. Kennedy; John H. Knowles, M.D., President of the Rockefeller Foundation; and Louis Lasagna, M.D., University of Rochester.

Produced by WPIX, New York, in cooperation with Saturday Review/World, and moderated by Richard D. Heffner, Professor of Communications and Public Policy at Rutgers University, author of "A Documentary History of the United States"; and editor of Tocqueville's "Democracy in America"

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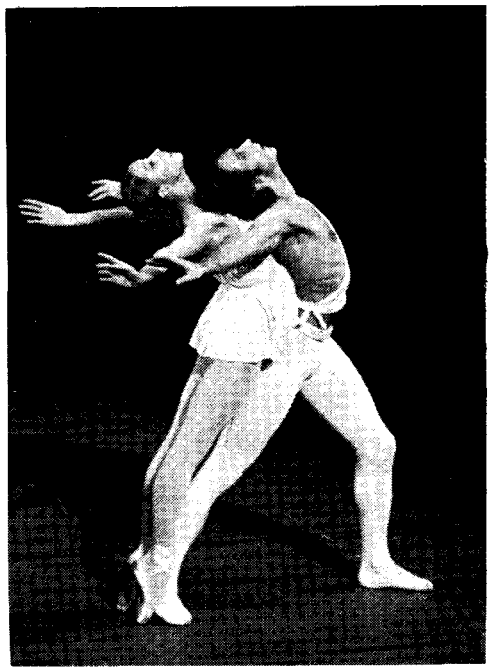
Louis Peres

Michael Denard as Apollo—Looks like a god and dances like one.

Natalia Makarova and Ivan Nagy in "Apollo"—Superlative artists.

Karin von Aroldingen in "Variations pour une porte et un soupir."



Louis Peres

A Stylish Assortment

by Walter Terry

George Balanchine, master choreographer and master chef, has often compared choreography to cooking: a pinch of this and a dash of that. He usually says it with a smile, but there is also a touch, or soupçon, of conviction. The analogy can be extended to include ballet itself, for just as a cuisine can vary from Italian to Scandinavian, French to Russian, Bostonian to San Antonian, so styles in ballet can and do differ from country to country, region to region, and even company to company.

The Danes, of course, are "bounding"; the Russians, "spectacular"; the Swedes, "earthy"; the British, "glittering but elegant"; Americans, "athletic" (at least according to Europeans). But American ballet troupes vary tremendously in what may be called "company style." I always think of the New York City Ballet's dancers as instruments, instruments of the choreographer, chiefly of Balanchine. Oddly enough, Balanchine was once a maker of stars—Geva, Zorina, Tallchief, LeClercq, Farrell, and, to some extent, even the fabulous Danilova herself. Yet today, he does not hesitate to express his displeasure at the symbol of the ballerina and at the cult of personalities. His City Ballet dancers are the instruments in the orchestra of bodies that he conducts.

The American Ballet Theatre is just the reverse, for here the ballerina and the *premier danseur* are promoted, and it is at performances by ABT that you will find your balletomanes. More than a century ago, Paris was violently divided between the passionate followers of Marie Taglioni (the Taglionistes) and the fans of her greatest rival, Fanny Elssler (the Elsslerites), and they literally did foyer battles in behalf of their favorites. Today there are, with ABT, the followers of Natalia Makarova, the sighing devotees of Carla Fracci, the rose-petal tossers of the American Cynthia Gregory. It is easier for a ballet fan to identify with a person than with an instrument. NYCB does, of course, have stars in spite of itself —Jacques d'Amboise and Edward Villella and the lovely Violette Verdy—but there are no throngs rushing, screaming, to the footlights for Gelsey Kirkland or Kay Mazzo, splendid dancers though they are.

The City Center Joffrey Ballet is geared to youth, and its choreography, to a great extent, honors dance through ensembles, trios, duos, and passing solos; so it is a youth totality that rouses the viewer. The NYCB is youth oriented also, but again I would point out that these young people are instruments, and the Joffrey dancers, even if they have not had time or opportunity to develop the delicious idiosyncrasies of stars, are very much warm human beings. A Dennis Wayne, of course, simply explodes before our eyes—a born personality—just as d'Amboise knocked you dead when he was a *corps de ballet* teenager. But not only is the Joffrey company unique in its lovely celebration of youth, but also it is a troupe of the highest aesthetic standards, a joy to watch because it stirs the onlooker as it strives for perfection.

One company style is not necessarily better than another; it is simply different, just as one great ballerina is not superior to a rival but, rather, different. Variety is essential to theater and especially to

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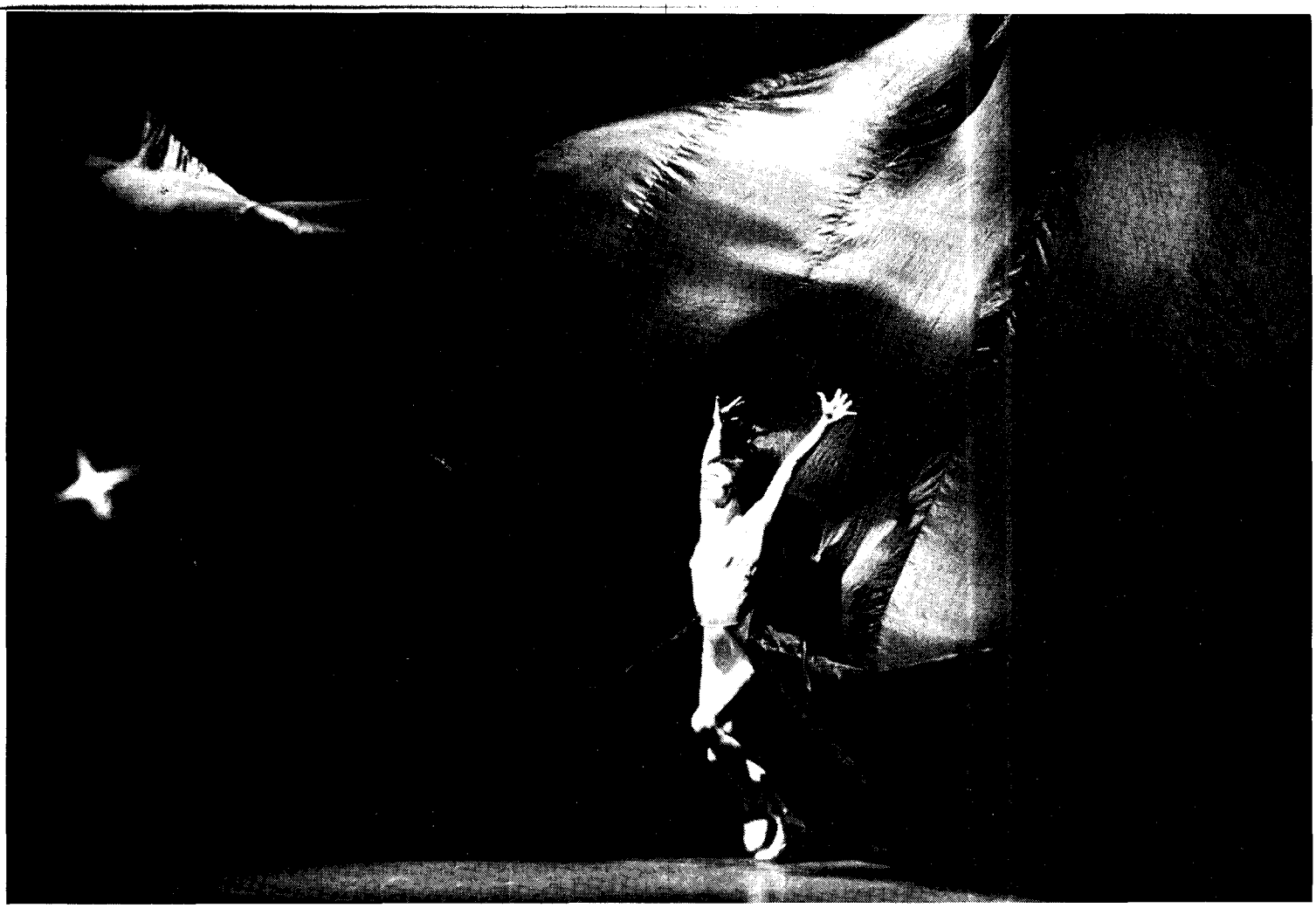

Martha Swope

ballet. When Balanchine gets tired of one of his versions of *Swan Lake* or *Firebird*, he changes the choreography. The American Ballet Theatre changes stars.

I find myself going to a great many ABT performances, not because I must in the line of reporting duties, but because I want to, and I wanted to during the company's last engagement at the New York City Center because there were people, not instruments, on stage and because they were personalities giving vastly different interpretations of the same roles.

Makarova, for example, defected from the Soviet Union, not for political reasons, but because she wanted the challenges of new parts, new styles, new adventures. In ABT's last season she danced what may well be a historic *Coppélia* in terms of virtuosity. Her characterization of the mischievous Swanilda can be described only as "adorable," but her extended balances on pointe were deliciously disdainful defiances of Isaac Newton's celebrated law. Of course, she held them too long—so did Galli-Curci with her high notes when she was pretending to be a bird or a bell—and it was outrageously superb. But she permitted no bravura freedoms to mar her profoundly moving portrait of the anguished Hagar in Antony Tudor's *Pillar of Fire*.

ABT, with insufficient rehearsals and a rather frantic conglomerate of advisers on matters of restaging, revived *Apollo* after a long, long absence from its repertory. Ivan Nagy's first Apollo was stylishly danced, as one would expect of this truly superlative artist, but it was dramatically tentative; his second Apollo saw him move in with the great interpreters of the role (I speak only of those I have seen), Eglevsky and Youskevitch from the recent past and the Danish Henning Kronstam and the unequaled Jacques d'Amboise of today. ABT also gave us that brilliant *premier danseur* from Paris, Michael Denard, who looked like a god to begin with and then proceeded to dance like one. ABT's *Apollo* differs from that of the NYCB under Balanchine's own supervision. The former's is more dramatic and, curiously, more human.

Cynthia Gregory, totally different from Makarova, was an equally impressive Terpsichore, impeccable in step, in style, in musicality. She danced the bride-to-be in Tudor's *Lilac Garden* for the first time this past season and was as believable in the poignant, lyrical, yielding femininity of the character as she has been in the part of the angry, eruptive mistress. Miss Gregory is fairly tall as ballerinas go, but she has no trouble at all seeming as slight and as girlish as the diminutive Christine Sarry in the role of Swanilda, for both, different as they are, show themselves to be expert comediennes in *Coppélia*, as does ABT's Eleanor D'Antuono, who may well be the most versatile ballerina (and the quickest learner) anywhere. Miss Sarry is unmatched as an exponent of Eliot Feld's ballets; yet she is a classicist, too. Miss Gregory can tear at your heart strings as Desdemona in José Limón's *The Moor's Pavane* or take you on a sex trip in Tudor's *Undertow*.

NEW CHOREOGRAPHIES, of course, are essential to dance adventure, and both the American Ballet Theatre and the New York City Ballet constantly foster creativity in this area. ABT, in addition to its provocative revival of *Apollo* and its new staging of *Divertissements From Napoli* in an inexcusably bad rendition of the Bournonville masterpiece (it was neatly executed but totally lacking in that nineteenth-century Danish style absolutely essential to its effectiveness),

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OVER 35 YEARS OF HELP WITH A HUMAN TOUCH

gave the world premiere of Lar Lubovitch's *Three Essays* (to music of Charles Ives), a ballet best described as an honest failure. Its intent was to comment on false patriotism, on the immoral use of the flag to cover the evil of war, but it relied on sophomoric tableaux rather than on dramatic action and reaction.

The NYCB's new works were Balanchine's *Variations pour une porte et un soupir* and Robbins's *Four Bagatelles,* presented during the last season with other novelties now coming up. The Robbins piece, evolving from music of Beethoven, is as unpretentious as its title indicates, but it represents a substantial contribution to the repertory, for it is an exquisitely fashioned ballet about the sheer joy of dancing. Robbins sees to it that his two dancers emerge as warm, almost radiant, human beings whether the mood is frolicsome or romantic, poetic or spiced with bravura. Its choreographic patterns are inventive, often surprising, but never contrived. It made me think of that kinetic honesty to which Martha Graham refers when she says, "the body does not lie." This ballet may be modest Robbins, but it is also, within its area of purpose, flawless Robbins.

Balanchine's *Variations* is a sort of choreographic visualization of Pierre Henry's *musique-concrète* score, which is composed, understandably and, I fear, inescapably, of the sounds of a creaking door and various sighs. *Porte* ("Door") is female; *Soupir* ("Sigh") is male, and I would guess there must be sexual connotations in the choreography, including penetrations, but the movement patterns seem contrived in their search for originality, and there is no conviction in the relationship of the two figures. Indeed, the only star of the production is Rouben Ter-Arutunian's huge black-silk costume-curtain-drape, which the *Porte* and unseen offstage hands operate to achieve envelopments, barings, ominousness, and the like. Alwin Nikolais uses a similar device in his *Tent,* and Ruth St. Denis manipulated the stage-size materials in her historic *Spirit of the Sea,* in which her own white hair was the foam and her silks the ocean. So, such a stage effect is hardly original, but it represents the only interesting aspect of Mr. B's sub-trifle. The recipe, despite a pinch of this and a dash of that in this particular instance, does not work. But usually his choreographic dish is fit to set before a king with tastes à la Balanchine. □

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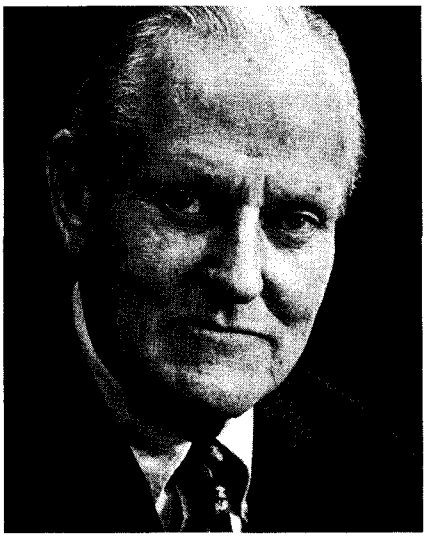
"The last thing our country needs is **dull, unquestioning conformity on the part of our young people"**



These excerpts were taken from a talk by Stewart S. Cort, Chairman, Bethlehem Steel, at the Annual Honors Convocation, Oklahoma Christian College, Oklahoma City. If you would like a copy of his entire talk *("Changing Attitudes")*, write: Bethlehem Steel Corp., Public Affairs Dept., Bethlehem, PA 18016.

"According to what I read there's been a definite change in the attitudes of today's student population. They're more conservative and traditional in their outlook and behavior.

I hope your generation has the common sense and wisdom to adopt the good side of yesterday's attitudes and behavior and reject the bad side. But most of all, I hope that this alleged 'return to conservatism' doesn't mean a return to the apathy and neutralism that characterized past generations of college students and young people generally.

Nation hasn't rejected social progress

Unfortunately, some people see this return to conservatism as proof that our nation has turned its back on social and humanitarian progress. I don't see it that way at all. The majority of people in this nation haven't rejected social progress. To my way of thinking, what they rejected were the revolutionary tactics that endangered the very fabric of our society, extreme and often violent tactics that were seen as doing more harm than good.

And I hope we've learned the lesson that our people are willing to change—if and when the proponents of change go about it the right way—by working within the system rather than attacking it from outside.

There are a lot of young people out there, whether or not they think of themselves as 'radicals,' who are still determined to bring about pretty substantial changes. And as long as they stay within the law and carefully observe the rights of others, I wish them the best of luck.

Quiet revolution in corporate corridors

What most of the institutions of society are looking for today, more than anything else, is the kind of man or woman who wonders, who doubts, who questions, and who tries hard to find new and better answers to the old, nagging problems.

Business firms like mine welcome that kind of person. We not only welcome them, but we do our best to train them, and sharpen their skills, so they can apply their talents and energies more effectively.

Unnoticed in all the confusion on the outside, a quiet revolution has been going on in the corporate corridors. Today the institutions of business and industry are making a determined effort to create a more humane environment for their employees and the communities they work in.

'Do your thing' best from the inside

So I urge you, whatever your ideology, to join the established institutions and 'do your thing.' If you want to promote higher standards of moral conduct, if you want to humanize working conditions, if you want to make institutions more democratic, if you want to make them more responsive to the people they serve—you can do it best from the inside.

In spite of all the jolts and shocks and setbacks, our country is making progress. And we'll keep on making progress if you do your part—and I'm sure you will."

Bethlehem BETHLEHEM STEEL

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(**Mayors:** *Continued from page 13.*)
is needed, but locating it in Newark removes from the city's already depleted tax roll sixty-seven acres of prime industrial land.

But the black mayors have some high cards to play. One is their ready access to whatever outside help is available. In his six years as mayor of Gary, Dick Hatcher has secured $180 million in federal funds—or $1000 per capita. Ken Gibson has done almost that well for Newark, and he has a simple explanation for his success: "The first black mayor of any city can walk into a federal department head's office and get a sympathetic hearing. In the first months after I was elected, I met with every Cabinet member, including the Vice-President. And I got special tax measures passed by the New Jersey legislature." Raleigh Mayor Clarence Lightner is making intensive efforts to get the kind of federal aid that the city overlooked in the free-flowing Sixties, when it was governed by conservative middle-class whites.

C. Lightner

Less tangible is the black mayors' ability to arouse their black communities on such key urban issues as street crime and drugs. Coleman Young was reaching for that latent black sentiment when he bluntly denounced Detroit drug pushers, muggers, and "rip-off artists" in his inaugural speech. To judge how well he has succeeded, I spent a recent evening talking to residents of an all-black neighborhood on Detroit's West Side. My companion was Bill Black, a black newspaper reporter who grew up in the area. I had already noticed how downtown Detroit, beset by memories of the devastating 1967 riot, had fortified many of its buildings in what cynics have dubbed "riot Renaissance," and I had been told about a suburban townhouse complex catering to whites that features a surrounding wall and searchlights. The West Side, Black pointed out, shows its own signs of fear: "You drive through these streets today, and you see solid-core doors, grilled windows, and guns. God, I don't recall even locking the door here."

In the cocktail lounge of the Trade Union Leadership Council, which mustered important support for Coleman Young's campaign, I talked with an assortment of black working people, most of them United Auto Workers members who had bucked the UAW by backing Young in the first primary. Asked what they expect of the new mayor, they replied in essence that they expect him to attend to the needs of all of Detroit's residents and to address only a few "black" problems; even with the latter, they do not, as two individuals put it, "expect miracles." J. J. Nelson, who works in a Lincoln plant, said he hoped that "some of the services that have been given to white areas now will be given to us, too—like decent parks and recreation facilities. Even in these broke cities, there are things that can be done." Several people mentioned "cleaning up" the police department, and Buddy Battle, a short, round man who has risen to a UAW vice-presidency, explained bluntly why that is important: "Between the police and the community there's been no respect either way. You call the cops to report an incident, and you don't know if the goddarned guy you're reporting to was involved in it. And when you do get a cop, he comes in all nervous, as likely to shoot *you* as the robber." At present, Battle said, the Detroit police department is "completely aloof" from the black community. He believes Young will be able to improve that situation, but to illustrate how deep and bitter the division is, he waved at a story in the morning paper. A white patrolman assigned to STRESS had been acquitted by a jury in the killing of an unarmed black motorist; it was the patrolman's eighth killing as a member of STRESS. "This," said Battle, "is what the mayor is going to have to stop."

The task is to balance competing interests while honoring a special responsibility to black people.

Few big-city whites see the black mayors as dissolvers of racial polarization. One of the few is Steve Adubato, a casual but intense community leader in Newark's heavily Italian North Ward. The North Ward is known for white "ethnic" racism and unyielding opposition to Mayor Gibson, but Adubato has gained a significant following there by preaching racial tolerance and political cooperation. Adubato says he would far rather have a black mayor than a white liberal one, "because the black will have an understanding of minorities' problems. And in Newark [60 percent black] *we* are the minority. Mature black leaders, like Gibson, know it would be disastrous if we did leave. An all-black Newark would be treated like an Indian reservation." Newark's "mature" black leaders might not agree, but in recent months they have worked in remarkable harmony with Adubato and his adherents; when a proposal to fund a North Ward Community Center came before the city council, all six blacks voted yes —and all three whites, no. Concludes Adubato: "We can only say that this guy [Gibson] has understood us better than anybody has. He's sharing the city with us, whatever there is"—he grins—"and there isn't much."

The black mayors must hope that their cities' power structures are as enlightened as Adubato's followers, because a great deal of any mayor's success depends on his ability to coax the movers and shakers into moving and shaking in the directions he thinks best. Dick Hatcher has accomplished very little in this area, whereas Tom Bradley—dealing with a far more tractable business community—has done a great deal (see box, page 13). The rule of thumb is that a power structure, although frightened by the election of a black mayor, will cooperate with him to the extent necessary to safeguard its own vital interests.

Ultimately, the black mayor's task comes down to balancing competing interests without losing sight of the fact that he is black and has—despite all rhetoric to the contrary—a special responsibility to black people. This is, of course, a political problem, requiring the kind of political *savoir faire* that shows up among the black mayors in many different forms: Clarence Lightner's supporting a black militant for a position Lightner didn't want him to have—and knew he couldn't get; Coleman Young's refusing to support an orthodox liberal move to register handguns, because the black community, fearful of having to deal unarmed with the Detroit PD, opposed it; Maynard Jackson's beating back, as an unnecessary affront to the power structure, a city council move to take money away from a chamber of commerce promotion and use it for day-care centers.

Balance, then, means being a good black and a good politician. If the black mayors can do that, both they and their cities will survive. □

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What Rights for Children?

Concern about the rights of children has been increasing in recent years and promises to continue to grow in the foreseeable future. Recognition of the crucial role of the early years in the development of the young and growing awareness that children are particularly vulnerable to the effects of poverty, prejudice, abuse, and neglect have sparked a movement that is seeking to redefine and expand children's rights under the law and in the eyes of society generally. New organizations, such as the Children's Defense Fund, have been established to further the cause of child advocacy, and older organizations, such as the American Civil Liberties Union, are becoming active in the field.

Reflecting the growing interest in the legal and social welfare of children, the *Harvard Education Review* (13 Appian Way, Cambridge, Massachusetts 02138) has devoted both its fall and winter issues to a broad exploration of the subject. Coverage ranges from the legal status of children and the philosophical basis for children's rights to the politics of child advocacy and analyses of a number of specific issues, such as foster care, child abuse, and mislabeling of minority children.

Since the Industrial Revolution, at least, the nation has always had its child advocates, concerned with the welfare of the young and critical of society's impact on them. But much of the contemporary concern has grown out of the contentious decade of the Sixties, when so many of society's inequities and injustices were thoroughly aired. The civil-rights movement highlighted the disabilities under which minority children labor, and the student movement dramatized the legal and social constraints placed on all minors. Consciousness raising became the name of the game for many groups, and both the courts and the streets were filled with the self-proclaimed oppressed demanding their rights. Students were notably successful in achieving greater control over their own lives on many of the nation's campuses, not only in determining acceptable life-styles but also in loosening the bonds of tradition in their academic studies.

Meanwhile, changing conceptions of the nature of childhood and of society's responsibilities toward children were sensitizing both parents and educators to the special needs of the young. As Mary Jo Bane notes in a perceptive review of a number of child-care books in *HER*'s fall issue, "Early child-rearing advice was based on the Calvinist notion of inherent evil which has to be controlled in the growing child by firm discipline. The late nineteenth century saw a change to the notion of the child as a blank slate to be shaped by the parents. Today's parents are the heirs of a long tradition of child study, clinical observation of children, and attempts to understand the uniqueness of childhood." The result has been an effort to humanize the schools, to make society more aware of children's special needs, and to expand the legal protections afforded them.

Today all adults are guaranteed equal rights under the Constitution and the laws and regulations of the federal and state governments. To be sure, women and members of minority groups too often are still denied equality in practice, but they have recourse to the courts. The position of children, however, is different, and the changing status of the young under the law is explored in revealing fashion in *HER*'s fall issue by Hillary Rodman, staff attorney with the Children's Defense Fund.

Traditionally, society has assumed that children's best interests are synonymous with those of their parents, except in cases where intervention of the state is required in order to protect the young. As Rodman points out, "Child citizens, although their needs and interests may be greater than those of adults, have far fewer legal rights (and duties). Indeed, the special needs and interests which distinguish them from adults have served as the basis for not granting them rights and duties and for entrusting enforcement of the few rights they have to institutional decision makers."

The current thrust for extending the rights of children points in two directions: to grant to children more of the legal rights that adults enjoy and to recognize as rights their special needs and interests. One aspect of the first of these is set forth dramatically in Justice William O. Douglas's dissent in the 1972 Supreme Court case in which three Amish parents refused to send their children to public high school because their religious beliefs forbade education beyond the eighth grade. One of the three children appeared in court and stated that she shared her parents' religious convictions. The other two children did not. Justice Douglas concurred in the majority decision as it affected the child who testified but dissented in the decision as it affected the other two. Rodman quotes at length Douglas's revealing dissent:

> I agree with the Court that the religious scruples of the Amish are opposed to the education of their children beyond the grade schools, yet I disagree with the Court's conclusion that the matter is within the dispensation of parents alone. The Court assumes that the only interests at stake in the case are those of the Amish parents on the one hand, and those of the state on the other. The difficulty with this approach is that, despite the Court's claim, the parents are seeking to vindicate not only their own free exercise claims, but also those of their high-school-age children. . . .
>
> On this important matter of education, I think the children should be entitled to be heard. While the parents . . . normally speak for the entire family, the education of the child is a matter on which the child will often have decided views. He may want to be a pianist or an astronaut or an oceanographer. To do so, he will have to break from the Amish tradition.
>
> It is the future of the student, not the future of the parents, that is imperiled in today's decision. . . . It is the student's judgment, not his parents', that is essential if we are to give full meaning to what we have said about the Bill of Rights and of the right of students to be masters of their own destiny. If he is harnessed to the Amish way of life by those in authority over him and if his education is truncated, his entire life may be stunted and deformed. The child, therefore, should be given an opportunity to be heard before the state gives the exemption which we honor today.

The issues of children's rights are complex and vary with age and individual competence. Clearly the young need the protection of society and its legal system in special ways beyond those afforded the young in the past. We cannot expect dramatic changes in society's attitudes toward the rights of children in the immediate future, but the pressures for change are clear, and a start has been made.

JAMES CASS
Education Editor

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Beyond the SATs: A Whole-Person Catalog That Works?

by Benjamin DeMott

Every year the lottery, every year the wounds. In theory this spring's subfreshman had a better shot at the college of his or her choice than his older brother or sister had, owing to birthrate and money factors. But the realities were pretty much of a piece with the past: joy for a happy few, frustration and a sense of defeat for many more. In thousands of thoughtful households, not only in those of parents of "losers," belief persists that better ways of linking up students and institutions of higher learning can and must be found. A major focus of resentment, this year as in the past, is the Scholastic Aptitude Test (verbal and mathematical), administered by the Educational Testing Service (ETS) and taken annually by a million or so subfreshmen. And the question that repeatedly surfaces is: Why can we not open up the systems of evaluation, ease the rigidities consequent upon over-reliance on any single test?

At the moment two grounds for optimism are emerging about the prospect. The first is the growth of interest in a specific new testing theory—a supplement to the SATs that may cast light on students' personal styles of learning. The second is the development of a body of criticism of the SAT that is far more sophisticated than any previously extant and is powerfully supportive of skepticism about the uses to which the tests are put. Attacks on the SAT are, to be sure, not news: For more than a decade they've filled educational journals and general magazines. Throughout that period, however, academic managers have contended that the attackers simply assumed a need for change and failed to offer a responsible assessment of current testing performance. It's for this reason that recent full-scale documentation of SAT deficiencies has been stirring interest.

The testimony in question has been assembled, in part, by Michael Wallach, a Duke University psychologist, whose research specialty for a decade has been intelligence and "creativity." A year ago at the Graduate Record Examination Board meeting in Montreal, he surveyed the main lines of inquiry about SAT effectiveness that have developed—in scores of individual and team research projects—in the decades since the tests came into mass use. Three major conclusions emerged from the survey: First, that SAT scores offer virtually no clue to capacity for significant intellectual or aesthetic contribution in mature life; second, that the best predictor of creativity in mature life is a person's performance record during youth in independent, self-sustained ventures; third, that admissions deans, for all their claims to be "moving away from total dependence" on the SATs and toward concern for "whole persons" and early achievements, in fact appear to be increasingly reliant on the tests.

"What matters most at the moment is that an alternative to mindless mind testing is becoming visible on the horizon."

On the first point—the SATs in relation to talent—Wallach summarized dozens of studies establishing that the predictive power of the tests lies in one area alone—course grades. People who do well on the SATs get As and Bs in college. But as for later on: The test results, like the course grades, "bear little or no relationship . . . [to] talented attainment in real life." (The point was underscored subsequently by Liam Hudson, an Edinburgh University scientist, whose research focus is the correlation—actually the absence of correlation, as it turned out—between the academic performance and mature-life professional achievements of Cambridge University graduates in the law, the arts, and the sciences.)

On the second point, Wallach summarized research on the efficacy of what is called "persistence forecasting." A great quantity of inquiry, he reported, suggests that students who pursue an interest independently (creative writing, a hobby in science, and so on) in high school or before tend to do the same in college and that—more important—these students are far more likely than "genius-level" SAT scorers to become outstanding scholars, artists, and researchers in later life. ("A rather substantial basis seems to exist for expecting that the way to predict whether a person will manifest a given level of talented attainment later is to determine whether he or she manifests a similar type of attainment earlier.")

It was on the third point—the dependence of admissions deans on SAT scores—that Wallach's own commitments showed most strikingly. In recent years this psychologist's area of research has been patterns of response in the admissions offices of elite institutions. The results indicate, Wallach declared, that admissions offices continue to read major differences of talent and aptitude in minor, statistically insignificant differences of SAT scores and continue to "weight academic-skills differences more heavily than real-world talent accomplishments." When you clear away the cant and the high-minded chat about looking for "exceptional" candidates, "the college admissions picture at high-selectivity institutions . . . looks like one in which direct evidence of talent counts for considerably less than standing a few notches higher along traditional academic-skills indicators."

The key feature of the admissions picture—not likely to astonish every teacher in an elite college—is the consistent preference for students who might almost be said to lack a personal style: figures marvelously adaptable but often deeply uninteresting. The point becomes clear with examples—three subfreshmen (names and records altered) attending the same high school and introduced by the same guidance counselor-referee:

John L. (verbal 670, math 580, class rank 26/240) Soccer and tennis, v. p. honor society, class treasurer, v. p. Thespians (stage manager), band (clarinet), Chest Drive manager, McGovern canvasser . . . guidance counselor calls him "dynamo . . . into virtually every activity across the board, never falls on his face. A front-rank, responsible

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performer in everything he undertakes . . . career choice undecided, learning medicine." Applying to three elite colleges, one backup, or insurance, choice.

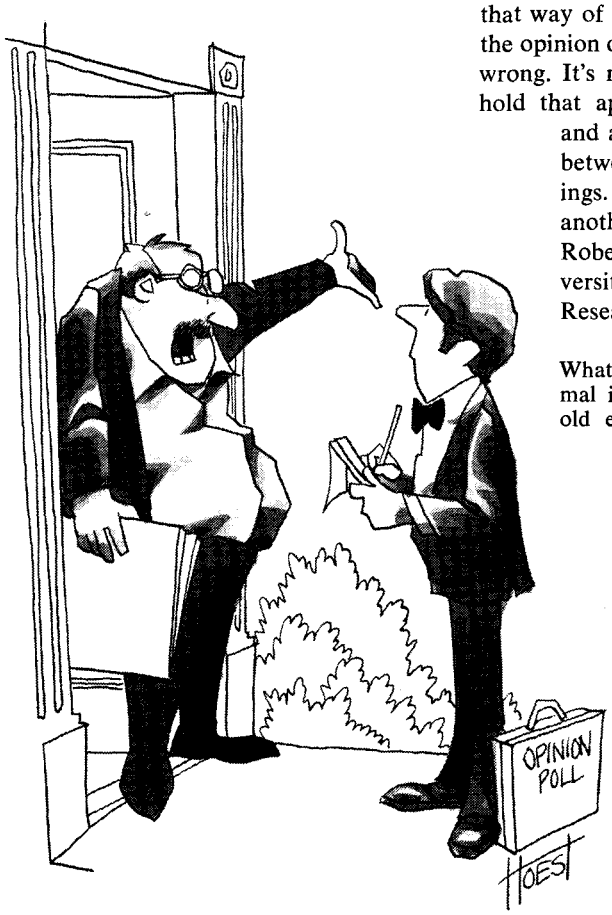
Ted W. (verbal 650, math 560, class rank 40/240) Football, debate, recently entered tutoring program migrant-worker school . . . counselor calls him a "moral influence . . . the kind of lad who makes everyone around him feel happy and glad to be alive . . . a fine general intelligence, with real drive and ability to contribute." Two elite applications, one insurance choice.

Henry S. (verbal 620, math 510, class rank 95/240) No activities, no sports. With a friend founded weekly neighborhood newspaper in eighth grade, still writes, edits, illustrates . . . 250 paid subscribers, two editorials reprinted in national publication. Counselor says: "Henry may or may not be wrapped up in his paper—who can tell? Only Henry and he's not talking. (The editor of the local daily once offered Henry a part-time job and was turned down flat.) One teacher (social studies) swears by Henry, says he's old beyond his years and 'remarkably sophisticated about folkways and customs.' An 'intellectual without a field.' Other teachers frankly can't stand him, complain of lack of interest, apathy, quarrelsomeness, erratic performance, arrogance. Definitely a different drum." Career interest: Writing. Applies one elite college, two elite-minus, one backup.

The available evidence indicates the scoreboard would read as follows: John L., two acceptances from his three top choices; Ted, one acceptance from a top choice; Henry, one acceptance (the backup place). It's worth adding that many a schoolboy and schoolgirl resembling Henry (that is, possessing a capacity for sustained self-instruction and self-rated-and-generated performance) fare worse than he—because they are unlucky enough not to find as visible an area of enterprise as a community paper.

There was, to repeat, an element of *déjà vu* in Wallach's savaging of the SATs. The charge is familiar—that these tests are status devices enabling high-scoring seniors to preen themselves as teen kings and queens, enabling teachers at B-plus institutions (the kind that regard SAT scores as Ultimate Criteria) to preen themselves because their average student has "Harvard-level" SATs, and offering comparable ego satisfactions for deans, presidents, alumni, and the rest. Still the survey was functional at the Montreal sessions. It put into full view the reasons for dissatisfaction with present testing procedures and, in so doing, guaranteed a warmer response to the search for alternatives.

Chief among the searchers for new approaches to assessing human potential is Dr. Herman Witkin, head of the Personality and Social Behavior research group at ETS. And chief among Witkin's aims for some years has been the development of a test or tests illuminating the kind of teaching-learning situation best suited to each individual learner. The tests devised thus far—one is called the Rod and Frame; another, the Embedded Figures—are, in essence, means of exploring the manner and rate of individual response to problems in establishing a field of perception. The research that shaped the measures was begun a quarter of a century ago—no special end then in sight—at Brooklyn College and involved experiments with tilting chairs, tilting and rotating rooms, and other distorting mechanisms. Observation of the major patterns of self-orientation followed by subject-participants in this research led to the definition of a new personality dimension—Witkin called it field dependence/independence. And subsequent inquiry into relationships between this dimension and individual ways of approaching problems of study produced evidence suggesting that a person's place on a scale of field dependence—his characteristic manner of restoring a balance or a symmetry or of searching out a disguised visual pattern—has a profound bearing on his nature as a student and on the question of what kind of instructional situation fits him best.



"Good God, man! The entire economic fabric of Western civilization is in jeopardy, and you want to know how often I send out for pizza?"

As might be guessed, Witkin and other proponents of this sort of approach to testing are moved by considerations deeper than that of mounting hostility to the SATs. Their work is expressive, at bottom, of a concept of "intelligence" or "aptitude" sharply different from the one still generally in vogue. According to the terms of the newer concept, tests of "abilities," as now conducted, are blind to the very nature of that which they seek to evaluate. They take no account of the variousness of the ways in which human beings learn, the extent to which learning is an act of adaptation to an environment, and the likelihood that alterations and variations in learning environments can call into being aptitudes unknown to anyone now. The old-style tests conceive of aptitudes as fixed features, verbal or mathematical abilities that are given, resident, and stable within a person. And that way of looking at intelligence is, in the opinion of Witkin and his colleagues, wrong. It's much closer to the mark to hold that aptitudes resemble processes and are the results of interaction between persons and surroundings. Speaking to this theme at another meeting held last year, Robert Glaser, head of the University of Pittsburgh's Learning Research Center, noted:

> What used to be called general animal intelligence, and tested in the old experiments as general problem-solving ability, now appears to be an aggregate of special specific abilities, each ability evolving in response to environmental demands. Animals are "intelligent" in quite different ways that can be better understood in relation to the ecological demands of their particular environments than in terms of the older notion of [an] ordering of animals according to their intelligence. . . . Gophers are better at maze problems than horses and other open-range animals. Animals show a great many different talents evolved as adaptations to their different worlds. The older work in animal behavior appears to have overemphasized ab-

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stractions like general maze brightness as a criterion behavior for study.

And a parallel overemphasis on abstractions is standard in human-aptitude testing. To correct it, Witkin contends, we need "comprehensive coverage of the whole cognitive domain—extending into the personality domain." That is to say, we need tests which reveal the cognitive style of persons, clarify relationships between learning methods and aptitude, and predict the kind of instructional setting or option likeliest to nourish the personal gifts in question.

THE DOMINANT ASSUMPTIONS of the cognitive-styles people aren't, of course, unique to this school. A wide range of thinkers—from Piaget to Skinner—have pressed the notion that "intelligence" isn't a permanent, unvarying mental structure, but rather a mode of adaptation to the specific ways in which schooling is offered at any given moment in history. (Depending on the environment in which learning takes place, old aptitudes can remain constant or new aptitudes can take their places through the process of interaction between persons and their surroundings.) A wide range of spokesmen for minorities who fare badly in present fixed educational scenes and situations have been backing the same notion—as part of a campaign for more responsive and flexible schooling structures. And many of the curricular reformers of the Sixties rooted their case for redesigning educational settings in criticism of older conceptions of the stability of aptitudes and in support of psychologies stressing the dynamics of change and human adaptiveness.

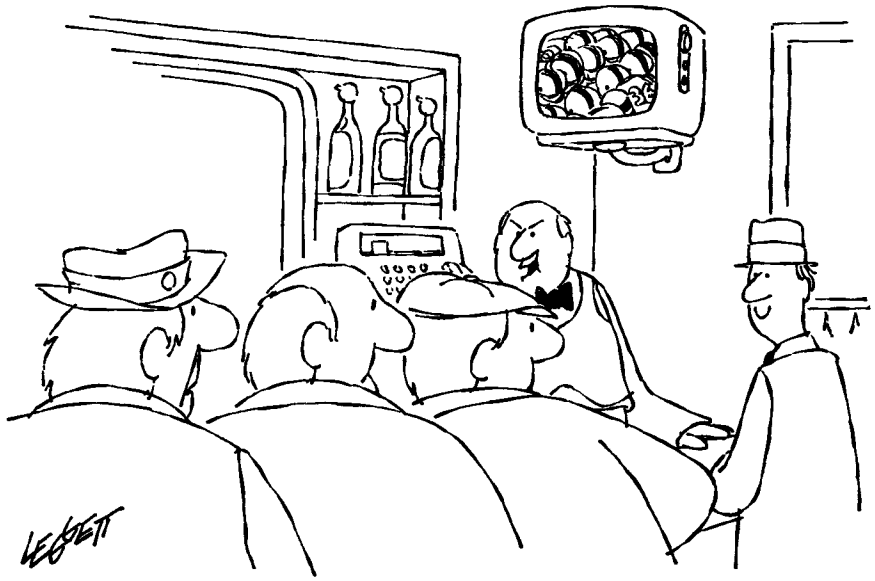
It should also be said that on a dozen issues, supporters of the cognitive-styles approach to testing have differences that can't be resolved until a vastly greater amount of testing experience is in hand. One example: Dr. Witkin tends to favor matching up the cognitive styles of students and teachers, on the ground that the most fruitful atmosphere for learning is one in which students and teachers begin with shared knowledge of, and respect for, each other's characteristic ways of working. Others register doubt. Prof. Seymour Wapner, Clark University psychology chairman, has claimed that "a powerful argument can be made that opposition, contradiction, and obstacles are necessary conditions for individual development and creativity. Perhaps placing the field-dependent person in [an] unstructured, inner-directed environment advances his creativity."

And, finally, the chance that the new approach to testing will have genuine consequences for education in the large depends enormously on the future of the movement toward multi-option study styles in higher education. A wide variety of options and programs already exists in a limited number of American institutions—from problem-centered instruction with a field focus to self-paced supervised study, from open-university home-study modules to student-teacher roles on campus, from pass-fail to no-fail to multiple-channel evaluation. But genuinely flexible educational environments are by no means the rule, and until they are, success at discovering (through tests) the nature of the situations in which particular aptitudes flourish in particular persons can't have better than a marginal payoff.

What matters most at the moment, though, is that an alternative to mindless mind testing is becoming visible on the horizon. It will be two to three years, perhaps, before the cognitive-styles testing option is ready for mass use. The likelihood that it or any other scheme will produce a cozy downhill road to knowledge—all intellectual labor pure joy at last—is nil. And you can bank on a chorus of gloom-mongers ritually wailing once more about the imminent "death of standards." (Isn't it *dangerous* not to believe in aptitudes as permanent inviolable givens?) But the advent of a testing philosophy that, as Witkin says, "allows a person to be viewed in terms of what he is," can't really be perceived as anything less than a significant human gain. It raises the possibility that a student may someday be able to believe in a test as a means of locating his own strengths and weaknesses as a student and of helping him to discover the processes by which his "basic aptitudes" can be extended. Anti-utopians smile, naturally, at some of the more upbeat formulations of optimistic educational researchers—as, for example, Professor Glaser's comment:

> At the Olympic Games, young men and women joyfully exceed existing limits of human capability; in the intellectual sphere, this is also possible. The talents of individuals can be extended so that they can be provided with increased possibilities for education.

But there is more than mere moral generosity—or beamishness—behind the struggle for alternatives or supplements to the SATs. Given a freer and fuller sense of human variousness, given a sane readiness to widen the range of human activities and goals perceived as worthy of honor, this movement could produce something far better than more efficient learning situations: expansion of the human capacity to comprehend and fully value those who aren't mere mirror images of ourselves. □



"Boys, this gentleman would like a show of hands from those who would prefer to watch the public television channel."

Answer to *Wit Twister* (see page 36): steno, notes, onset, tones, stone.

Answer to *Literary Crypt* (see page 36): The oldest books are still only just out to those who have not read them.
Samuel Butler

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Should Teachers Be Judged by Performance?

by Fred M. Hechinger

Those who can, do; those who can't, teach" is part of the ballast of anti-intellectual foolishness that weighs down American folklore. Neither the Brain Trust's invasion of Washington in the Thirties nor the can-do diplomacy of Prof. Henry Kissinger has been able to put to rest the old "teachers can't do" saw. Silly old proverbs never die; they only prevent the real problems from being recognized—such as the problem of those teachers who, whatever else they may do, can't teach.

Because most teachers are certified on the basis of professionally approved requirements, without any appreciable decline in the number of incompetents, demands have been growing for a change in the certification rules. In simplest terms, the question that is being raised across the country is: How can the profession of teaching be made more effective?

The reason why the question has not been raised sooner but is moving to the top of the agenda now holds no mystery. During the years of acute teacher shortage, it would have been absurd to tighten standards. The shortage of people in the pool simply precluded much selectivity. Within the past two years, scarcity has given way to surplus. When there is an oversupply, it makes sense to pick the best of the available crop. Consumerism, moreover, everywhere is flexing its muscles and demanding better service—and the schools are not immune from such new demands and scrutiny.

The issue sounds innocent. Yet it has already set off some of the hottest debates and counterattacks. Why? Because the existing criteria of teacher certification have been challenged on the grounds that they have failed to provide a valid measure of a new teacher's performance. The battle is between theory and practice. Theoretical judgments tend to be objective and, therefore, bureaucratically safe; practical judgments, by contrast, are more subjective and, therefore, more open to distrust.

The objective criteria by which most teachers are licensed are based largely on college credits completed—a variety of required subject areas with some backup courses in educational theory and methods. Critics of the present system say that this approach is too remote from the classroom. For example, a teacher candidate may have completed all the required courses on the teaching of reading, yet may lack the practical skills and/or personal qualities essential for teaching children how to read. Ditto, mathematics and every other subject.

The new proposals, known as performance-based certification, vary in details. However, their common aim is to judge the teacher by what he or she does in the classroom after the completion of certain academic training requirements. The New York State Education Department has introduced a plan that allows the decisions to be made by joint bodies of college professors, school administrators, and teachers who would be fairly free to work out their specific "models" of operation.

Although these proposals sound less than revolutionary, they have already caused anguished outcries. Daniel E. Griffiths, dean of New York University's School of Education, has portrayed competency-based teacher education as an anti-intellectual movement that "ignores the lessons of history and is attempting to move ahead with no adequate theoretical base."

Albert Shanker, president of the United Federation of Teachers, has long supported the idea of "internship" as part of teacher training. Nevertheless, he roundly condemns performance-based licensing, because "we simply do not know with any degree of assurance what teacher skills, traits or behavior, and modes of performance will 'work' for all children—or for some." Under the circumstances, Mr. Shanker suggests, "It is proper to call for research and experimentation," but not for action.

Behind the scenes, some teacher-training deans and professors have tried to bargain with the state educational authorities. "Let us know what kinds of criteria you want to establish, and we'll provide the academic credit for them," they said in effect.

Supporters of the new approach reject these arguments. They charge that the real meaning of the colleges' under-the-table compromise offer is: "We'll continue to do what we have been doing, but we'll attach new and improved labels to the same old product."

In answer to the charge that certifying new teachers on the basis of on-the-job performance is anti-intellectual, critics of the present system reply that the colleges' responsibility for providing the intellectual rigor in the preparation of teachers will in no way be diminished by the addition of the new, performance-based dimension. (Harsher critics have long charged that many teacher-training courses lack precisely such rigor and thus are, in fact, marred by anti-intellectualism.)

As for Mr. Shanker's assertion of the inadequacy of research on what makes a good teacher, Alvin P. Lierheimer, an associate commissioner in New York's State Education Department, says that despite the research gap "teacher education has proceeded for years without any handicap."

C. Michail Darcy, a teacher-education specialist at the State University of New York at Albany, counters even more sharply: "If Mr. Shanker really espouses that view [that nobody knows what works in the classroom], then what he must question is, not competency-

"Throw to me. I'm the catcher."

Fred M. Hechinger, former education editor and current member of the editorial board of The New York Times, *is writing a book about the history of American education, to be published by McGraw-Hill.*

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based teacher education, but the whole concept of teaching. If teacher behavior is unrelated to student learning, then we need no trained teachers—anyone will do to keep order."

Thus far the entire debate seems to have been carried on with more concern for vested interests than for the improvement of education. It is not true, as Mr. Shanker has charged, that the proposals are tantamount to asking the medical profession to "certify doctors only upon demonstrated ability to cure the common cold." However, it is true and considered quite reasonable that doctors are being certified on the basis of a combination of their theoretical knowledge and their capacity for dealing successfully with real patients.

The teachers' legitimate fears stem in part from the question: Just how will their capacity for dealing successfully with students be measured? If performance-based certification is to mean that all candidates will be judged, for example, by their pupils' reading scores—regardless of the youngsters' capacities and backgrounds—the process will be intolerably unfair. Medical students are *not* judged on the basis of the number of patients they "cure," regardless of the nature of the disease.

The real issue, currently beclouded by much rhetoric, is over who will wield the not inconsiderable power of controlling both the criteria for teacher education and the gates of certification, and who will gain or lose power in the changeover. At the heart of the controversy, as Mr. Lierheimer makes plain, is a power struggle between the different forces—the colleges, the teachers (or rather their unions), the state education authorities, and potentially even the legislatures (and the lay pressure groups behind them)—that want to get a hand in the process.

(An earlier proposal that a performance-based review of competence in the classroom be applied periodically to already-licensed teaching staffs has long since been dropped. No reasonable union leader would agree to such a threat to the job security of members who are already licensed by previous rules.)

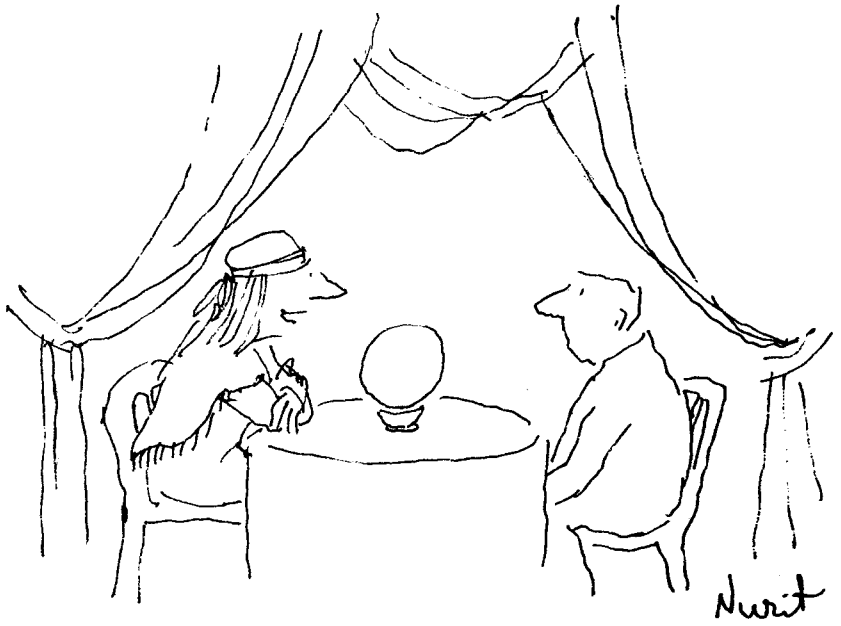
Mr. Darcy may over-dramatize the fundamental power issue when he says of Mr. Shanker's objections: "His alternative is to have a union-controlled apprenticeship. Our fellow unionists in the building trades have gone that route." Spokesmen for the New York State Education Department are somewhat more diplomatic. "My guess is," says Mr. Lierheimer, "that if the education community cannot coalesce and show significant improvement and increased responsiveness to the educational consumer, we will receive a legislatively mandated program of teacher preparation that can only represent a throwback to the past. There are always legislative forces that will find a quick solution for a complex problem." He points to Massachusetts, which is already moving toward a certification process that will subject every candidate to scrutiny by three judges whose qualifications the legislature narrowly prescribes.

The participants in this academic debate would probably prefer to continue their sparring match under the cover of professional secrecy rather than in full view of the consumers. Most perilous to the profession, however, is the claim that nobody really knows what constitutes good teaching. Having at long last been persuaded that teaching is a profession entitled to professional salaries and perquisites, the public is not likely to feel kindly toward a confession that the professionals know no more than laymen about their profession's dos and don'ts.

Reporters who cover the schools have long known that a principal finds nothing easier than to direct them to the classrooms of those teachers whom they could readily certify as effective. Visitors are routinely kept from embarrassing contact with classroom duds. Experience has taught much that research may perhaps not yet have been able to codify. And it is precisely such experience by the new teachers' peers, professors, and supervisors that underlies the drive for performance-based licensing.

The fact that such experience is available should not block the way to research. The Educational Testing Service, with support from the Rockefeller Brothers Fund, has embarked on precisely such research, aimed at defining and describing teaching competence and at finding better and more objective yardsticks by which to measure it. It is encouraging, moreover, that many of the spokesmen of the disparate factions that are still publicly denouncing each other, in defense of their vested interests, appear ready to join in that enterprise.

The movement for performance-based certification represents an inevitable demand by consumers and concerned educators for better teaching. The most humane, least punitive way of waging that campaign is to block access to those who are either unsuited or ill prepared for the art of teaching before they become permanently lodged in the system. □



"Would you like the regular or the economy reading?"

ANSWER TO MIDDLETON DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 47

(WAVERLEY) ROOT:
THEY EAT HORSES, DON'T THEY?

One of the reasons why the barbarians bowled over an already tottering Roman Empire so easily was the superior mobility given them by their cavalry; they possessed large numbers of horses and were accustomed to eating them.

From *Esquire*, January 1974

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Double-Crostic No. 48

by Thomas H. Middleton

				1 R	2 U	3 T	4 S	5 N	6 A	7 Z	8 K	9 O	10 V		11 U	12 C	
13 E	14 Y		15 W	16 J	17 H	18 Y	19 P	20 N	21 O	22 L	23 M	24 D		25 A	26 O	27 K	28 S
29 L	30 P		31 J	32 U	33 H		34 F	35 B	36 D	37 W	38 L	39 H		40 E	41 Z		42 X
43 H	44 V	45 B	46 Q	47 T		48 G	49 F	50 M		51 V	52 H	53 J		54 A	55 Y	56 B	
57 V	58 H	59 M	60 S	61 T		62 T	63 A		64 Z	65 H	66 R	67 M	68 J	69 S	70 P	71 X	72 U
	73 U	74 S	75 F	76 H	77 R	78 Q	79 M	80 T	81 X	82 Z		83 R	84 P	85 N		86 B	87 S
88 M	89 N	90 Z	91 G		92 F	93 C	94 U		95 D	96 E	97 A	98 Y		99 V	100 M		101 X
102 I		103 W	104 K		105 Z	106 S	107 N	108 O	109 F	110 L	111 H		112 O	113 X		114 F	115 M
116 A	117 C	118 H	119 T	120 V		121 N	122 S	123 T	124 R		125 D	126 K	127 F	128 I	129 C	130 H	131 Z
	132 L	133 K	134 W		135 O	136 N	137 S		138 I	139 Q	140 M	141 T		142 N	143 S		144 D
145 W	146 C	147 K	148 R		149 E	150 Z		151 N	152 G	153 T	154 Q	155 F	156 X		157 I	158 P	
159 D	160 X		161 Z	162 I	163 T	164 U	165 N	166 P	167 V	168 Q	169 S	170 O		171 T	172 K		173 L
174 U	175 G		176 U	177 I	178 D	179 X		180 U	181 R	182 L		183 P	184 V	185 G		186 N	187 M
188 T	189 C	190 U	191 I		192 P	193 L		194 R	195 W	196 D	197 Z	198 Y	199 S	200 P	201 A		202 P
203 L		204 Z	205 Y	206 N	207 O		208 M	209 E	210 T	211 K	212 F	213 U	214 G				

INSTRUCTIONS

If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a very few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle.

Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess, and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what WORD a particular square's letter comes.

The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.

The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS, until the diagram is filled in.

CLUES	WORDS
A. Prospero's daughter (*The Tempest*)	25 54 63 97 116 201 6
B. Czech religious reformer (1369?—1415)	35 45 56 86
C. Hateful	93 117 129 146 189 12
D. Depressed, degraded, or embarrassed state (2 wds.)	24 36 95 125 144 159 178 196
E. Harlot of Jericho (Josh. 2)	209 13 96 149 40
F. Meddlesome	49 75 92 109 114 127 155 212 34
G. 1942 film for which James Cagney won an Oscar (followed by WORD H)	91 152 48 175 185 214
H. See WORD G (2 wds.)	33 52 58 65 76 118 17 43 130 39 111
I. Parvenu	138 162 102 128 157 177 191
J. Ancient cultural and religious center of South Honshu, Japan	16 31 53 68
K. Complete or perfect (2 wds.)	126 133 147 172 211 104 8 27
L. Labored	29 110 132 173 182 203 193 22 38
M. Separate room, section, etc.	67 115 187 208 23 59 50 88 140 79 100
N. Deafening	165 186 5 107 89 206 20 85 136 142 151 121
O. Devoted or excessive admirer	135 21 112 207 26 108 170 9
P. Triumphant	19 70 166 183 200 30 202 192 84 158
Q. Strike out	46 154 168 139 78
R. Of uncertain outcome or result	124 181 66 83 148 194 77 1
S. Intended to attract notice	199 137 169 4 74 28 60 69 87 122 106 143
T. Complaint of the disguised Edgar (*King Lear*, 2 wds. & comp.)	163 188 210 153 3 62 119 141 171 80 123 61 47
U. At a depth greater than 120 feet below the ocean surface	2 32 180 94 174 190 72 164 73 176 11 213
V. Place of punishment for the dead (Scandinavian myth)	120 167 51 44 184 10 99 57
W. Spanish-American pianist and conductor who appeared in MGM musicals	15 103 37 134 145 195
X. Survey	160 42 81 113 71 101 179 156
Y. Simp; dumbbell	14 18 55 198 205 98
Z. "Yet three fill'd Zodiacs had he been / The ____" Jonson, "Epigrams, cxx" (2 wds.)	82 7 161 131 64 150 105 197 204 41 90

Answer to *Double-Crostic No. 47* appears on page 72.

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Light Refractions

by Thomas H. Middleton

Hopefully Revisited

Sometimes I know that a column is going to elicit a strong reaction. The one a couple of months ago on *hopefully* was one. What I didn't expect was such a *mixed* reaction.

You may recall that it dealt with the use of *hopefully* meaning "it is hoped that" or "I hope that," rather than "in a hopeful manner." To my surprise, I got letters thanking me for taking a strong stand against this usage, letters excoriating me for accepting the usage, and letters asking what the fuss was about.

It's certain that the overwhelming majority of English-speaking people have not suspected that there was such a thing as a *hopefully* problem, and I have a feeling that a substantial majority of even such a discriminating group as *Saturday Review/World* subscribers have accepted *hopefully* as "it is hoped that" without a qualm.

Two readers, Henry A. Weber, of Paradise, California, and Jaroslav Pelikan, dean of the Yale Graduate School, suggested that *hopefully* is an invasion into English of the German *hoffentlich*. That's possible, I suppose, but I don't think it's probable. I think it's just sloppy English. I think it's an elliptical way of saying "I suggest hopefully that," or some such thing.

The *Random House Dictionary* accepts this usage. So does *Webster's New World Dictionary*, Second College Edition, which adds, "regarded by some as loose usage, but widely current."

I said before that the dictionaries have to accept this usage for the obvious reason that it *is* "widely current."

Many readers roasted me for not keeping the faith. Mr. Paul Van Gieson, of Hillsdale, New Jersey, expressed the very common feeling that I "fizzled away to the can't-fight-city-hall attitude."

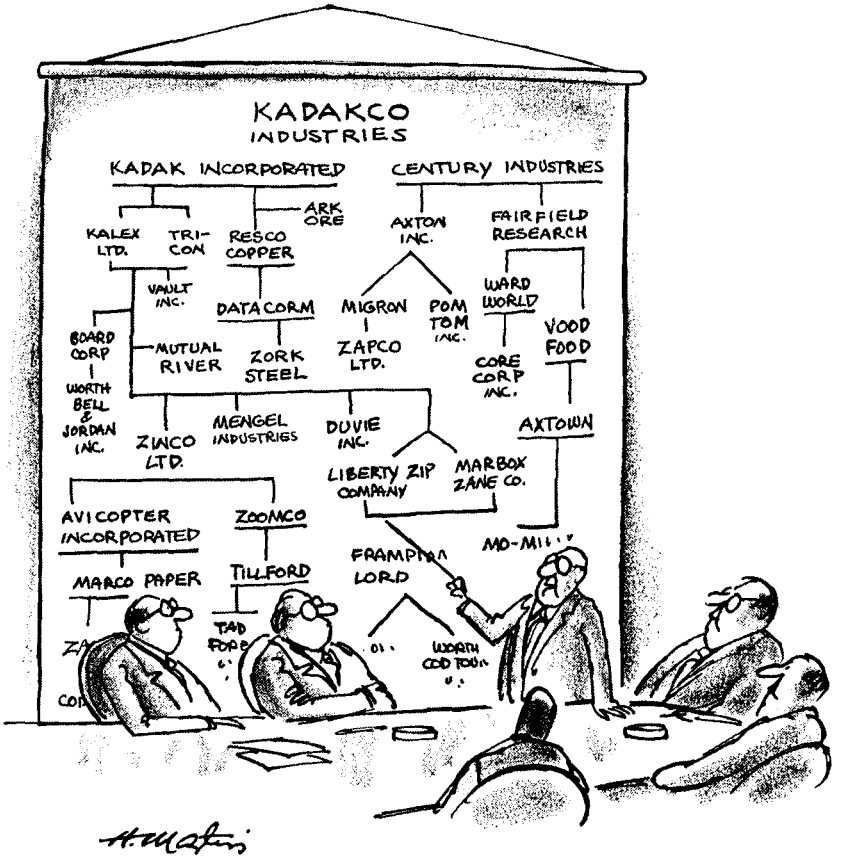
The point, I think, is that it's not a question of fighting city hall. Language is not a product of legislative fiat. If the city council had *voted* to make *hopefully* mean "it is hoped that," I'd be in the van of the drive to toss the bums out. But that's not how it happens with language.

"Hopefully, he'll get a job."

From a logical point of view, that means that he'll get a job—no doubt about it—and in a hopeful manner (hopeful of being a success in the job, perhaps). But we know that that's *not* what "Hopefully, he'll get a job" means. It means that he may or may not get a job, but it's hoped that he will. If you could pass a dozen laws against that meaning, it wouldn't change a thing.

Mr. Van Gieson goes on to equate *hopefully* with "all the Haldeman-Ehrlichman-Nixonmanisms like 'at this point in time,' 'I want to emphatically say,' 'we do not want to self-destruct,' etc." I'm glad he mentioned that, because I think there's a fundamental, important difference here. *Hopefully* for "it is hoped" is a form of ellipsis—a linguistic shortcut. Those "Haldeman-Ehrlichman-Nixonmanisms" are pompous gobbledygook. They're designed to give a highfalutin aura to trash and to make nonsense sound legitimate. I have a very strong feeling that the overwhelming majority who never gave a thought to *hopefully* reacted to the linguistic absurdities of the Watergate crowd with distaste, bemusement, laughter, or a combination of the three.

"Hopefully, the price of beef will come down in the coming months" has nothing to recommend it logically, but linguistically, it's a *fait accompli*, whether we like it or not.



"Before we head into the annual meeting, gentlemen, I thought a quick little review of just who we are might be in order."

Language is full of illogicalities. One that comes to mind immediately is *proud*. It's never made sense to me that a man can be proud of his art collection and that his art collection can be his proudest possession. How can an art collection be proud? How can it be prouder than a brand-new stereo system? The art collection and the stereo system are proud to the degree that their owner is proud of them, respectively. That's not logical, but it's an inescapable fact of the language.

There are many misuses of the language I'll fight against—most of them because they are dishonest or somehow misleading. But, though I prefer *hopefully* as *hopelessly*'s antonym, and I think I'll continue to use it that way, I refuse to tear the epaulets from anyone's shoulders for saying, "Hopefully, the price of beef . . ." □

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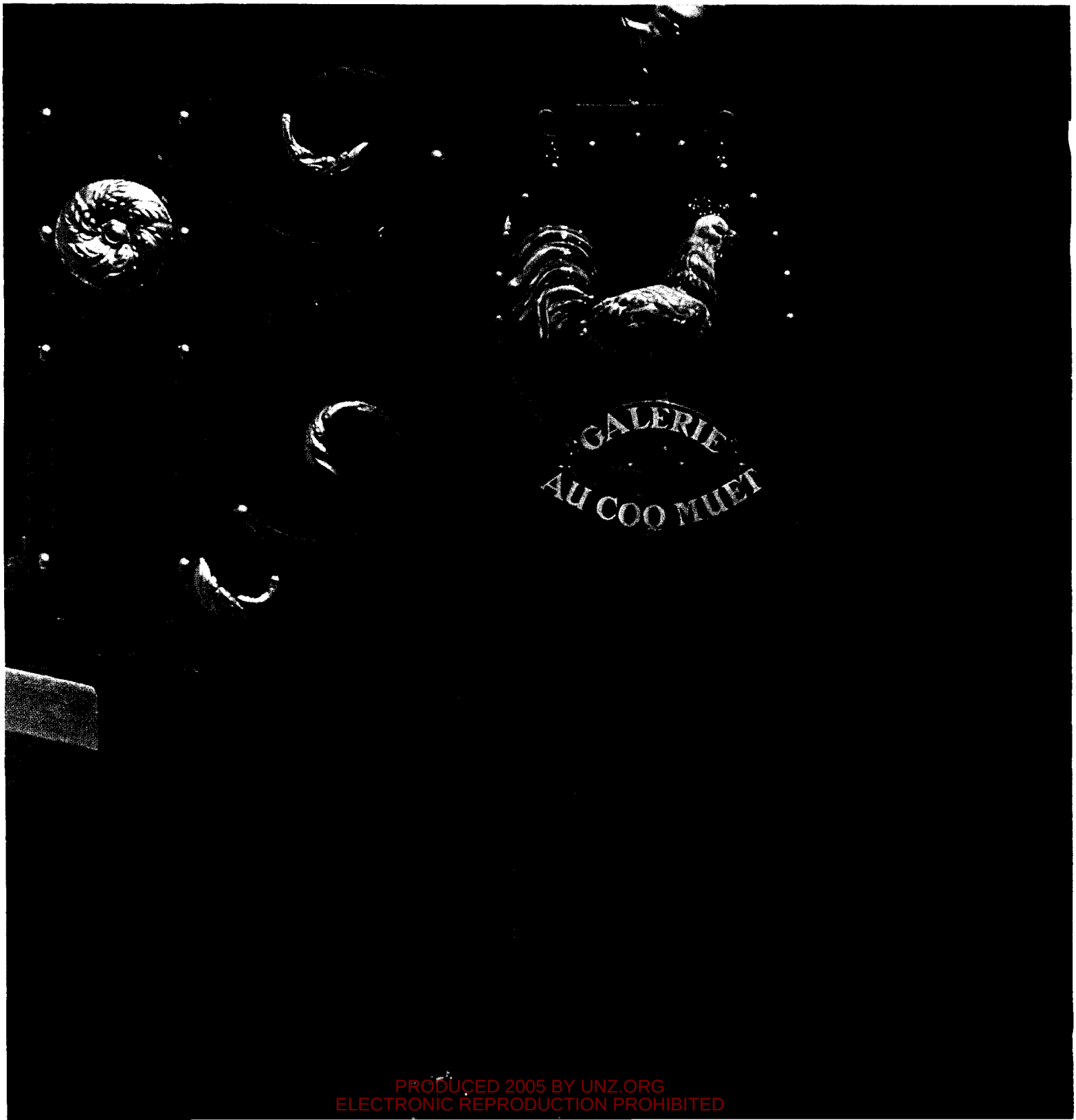

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DANNY VILLANUEVA

HOME: Los Angeles, California

AGE: 35

PROFESSION: Vice President of Spanish International Broadcasting Network

HOBBIES: Talking with his people, helping with scholarship fund-raising events, organizing sandlot ballgames (he formerly played with the L.A. Rams and Dallas Cowboys).

LAST BOOK READ: "The Ethnic Factor"

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Headed a team of newsmen who made history by filming the first scenes of a skyjacking in progress on a plane, which ended without violence.

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